

KILKAIN AND MC CARTHY DEFEATED.

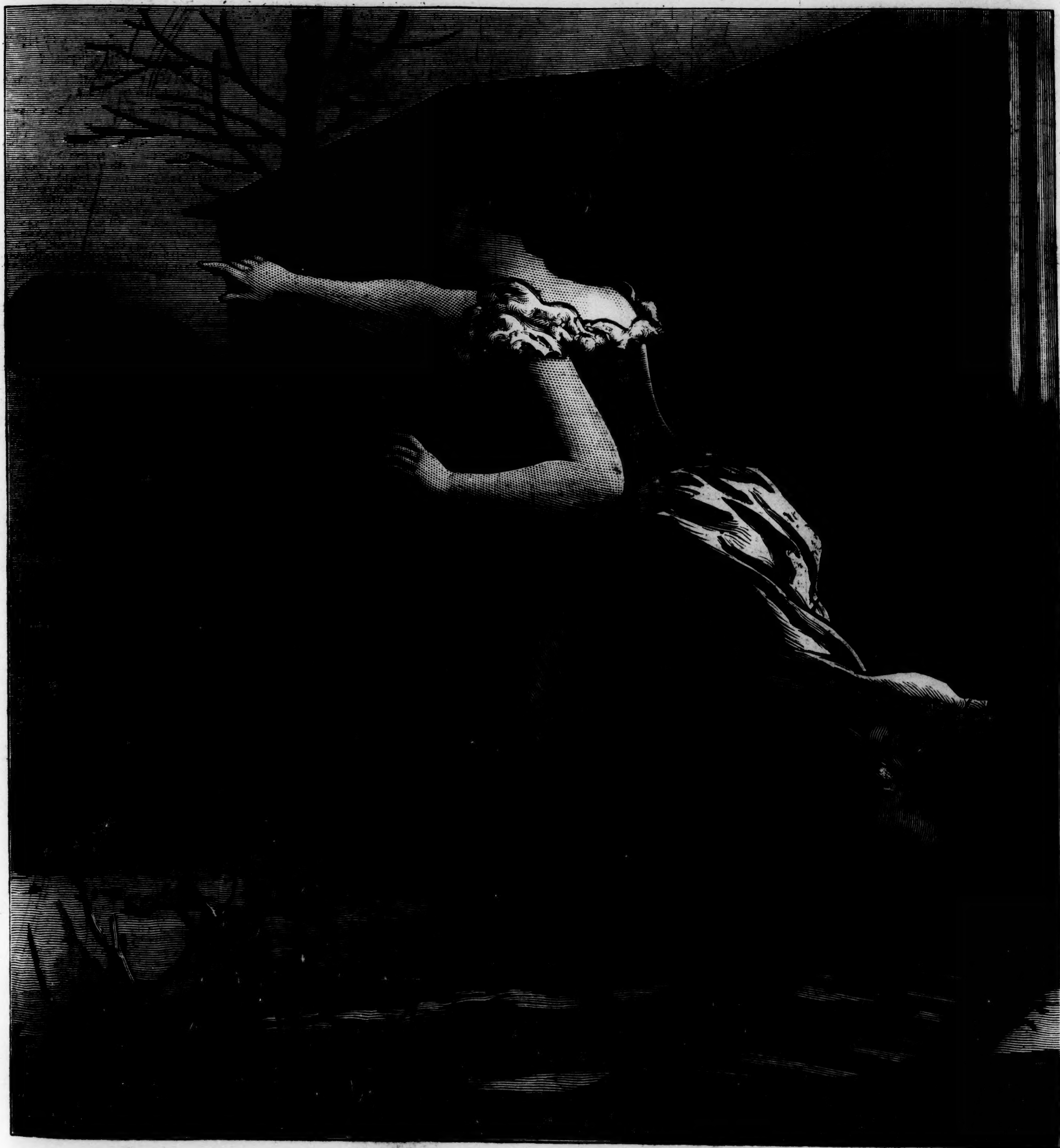
THE NATIONAL  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1890.

VOLUME LV.—No. 63.  
Price Ten Cents.



CHASED BY A PRETTY GIRL.  
BRAVE JUNE PARISH, OF BERGEN, N. Y., FRIGHTENS AN INTRUDER WHO ATTEMPTS BURGLARY.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1890.

JUST PUBLISHED.

I desire to call attention to the Lives  
of the Old-time Pugilists, viz :

JOHN C. HEENAN,  
JOHN MORRISSEY,  
TOM HYER, and  
YANKEE SULLIVAN.

Complete in One Volume and Hand-  
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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

CHARLESTON, S. C., comes to the fore this week with what may prove to be a double murder case. Napoleon Levell, having been forbidden access to his wife by her relatives, called at the home of Mrs. Levell's uncle Benjamin Feldman, where she was sojourning, and shot them both down. As we go to press both are lying at the point of death and their recovery is extremely doubtful. Levell claims that he was heart-broken and was driven to despair by the actions of Mr. Feldman and his family.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., residents are rolling a sweet morsel of gossip under their tongues, the subject being the domestic difficulties of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Murray. Both have been leaders in society in the place and are influential and wealthy, and each has begun an action for divorce against the other, the wife charging cruelty and the husband having suspicions of his wife's integrity. Mrs. Murray was recently compelled to break into her own home, her husband having forbidden her the premises. A first-class sensation is promised when the cases come up for adjudication.

As the POLICE GAZETTE goes to press news reaches us that the Johnstown horror has been repeated in Prescott, Arizona, where a storage dam burst and wiped out of existence the whole Valley of the Hassavampa River. At least forty lives were lost and millions of dollars worth of property were destroyed. Although not of extraordinarily frequent occurrence such disasters are becoming decidedly too numerous and the idea suggests itself to us that it is pretty nearly time that the law took a hand in the business, and placed the responsibility for such occurrences just where it should rest.

THE recent defeat of Jake Kilrain by J. J. Corbett has caused widespread comment in pugilistic circles, and well-informed sporting men, who are supposed to and do know what they are talking, are strong in the faith that Queensberry rules, of a limited number of rounds, "must go." They say that even after the result of a battle has been announced it is no proof that the declared loser has lost, or the alleged winner has won. The time, they say, is not far distant when "Police Gazette" rules will govern all boxing matches, as these are the only rules by which such contests can be legitimately decided.

JACK DEMPSEY regained his lost laurels during the week by defeating Billy McCarthy, the Australian, in one of the prime battles of the season. The "Nonpareil" was in fine fettle, and after the first few rounds he had everything his own way. He knocked McCarthy all about the ring, and finally the Australian was rendered as helpless as a child, and, although plucky to the last, was forced to succumb to the sledge-hammer blows of his antagonist. The friends and supporters of Dempsey are justly proud of his latest exhibition of prowess, and those who swore by Jack are congratulating themselves that their ideas concerning him were not ill-founded.

## MASKS AND FACES

Madge and Lydia--Anglers  
and Clowns--Inimitable  
Imitators.

CAUSTIC, CANDID CRITICISMS.

Singing and Dancing Sou-  
brettes--Actors and  
Parts.

COULISSE COLLOQUIES.

"Say, Bilks, you are wanted at the theatre at once!"  
"Why, what's wrong? Anybody sick?"  
"Yes; I'm afraid the new play can't be done next week."



"For heaven's sake, man, speak! Who is it that's sick?"  
"The author."  
"Thank the gods! I was afraid it was the stage carpenter!"  
That only illustrates the tendency of modern stage art.

Ben Teal is of more importance than Boucicault, and Dave Belasco weighs more than De Mille. Even Daly advertises his furniture, toilettes and wigs on the play bills.

The farces of Hoyt, Grattan, Donnelly and Winslow are largely the quintessence of clever stage carpentry. Boucicault has finished his new play for Sol Smith Russell. I hope it will be better than most of his later pieces have proved to be.

Kidder, who wrote his present piece for Russell, used to be an agent for Lotta, and is now the husband of Augusta Raymond. Kidder wrote "Sis" for Myra Goodwin, who now plays the harp as well as the banjo, better, I should say, for Goodwin never played the banjo well.

Camille Cleveland, who is a sister-in-law of Fred. de Belleville, the late fat leading man of Clara Morris, will probably do well in farce comedy and comic opera if she does not allow silly dudes to turn her head.

Flora Moore, I am told, sings the story of McGinty more dramatically than Sheridan and Flynn, or Conroy and Dempsey. She puts pathos into her face and dramatic power into the way she sings her robust leg backward.

John Russell maintains that a great farce comedian nowadays is a man who can fall backward as far as it's possible and yet not break his neck.

Marcus Mayer affirms that the skillful skirt dancer is she who, while rapidly twisting her hips, reveals a filmy mass of embroidered petticoats, and yet reveals nothing more.

Amelia Glover, who used to do fairly well with Rice, now dances with great elegance and ease.

But Glover doesn't come up to Sylvia Grey or Letty Lind yet, by many a leg's length.

Georgie Dennin, who tries to play Marie Jansen's parts in the company Rudolph Aronson has on the road, doesn't come up to that diva by a long shot. She lacks finish, chic and magnetism.

Jennie Williams, who was very much of a fizzle at Tony Pastor's some time ago with a chestnutty song-and-dance, is now at the Alhambra, London.

I trust the public there won't look upon her as a specimen of our best soubrettes. Jennie Williams means well enough, but her well enough is mean. She don't or won't study.

Loie Fuller is one of our best impersonators of boys' parts. As Jack Shepard she was unapproachable. But in emotional roles, Juliet or Caprice, she is indifferent, for she has a comedy nose.

Maude White, who used to be very poor as the ballet dancer with Mansfield a year or so ago, now cleverly plays soubrette with Emmet. She is a pretty girl, but she ought to take the press notices which Kline Emmet is said to work for her at par value.

Minna Gale, who is a substitute for Modjeska in the Booth and Barrett company, is a comely and clever woman. The best thing Barrett ever did was to bring her out and back her.

Mrs. Kendal seems to have had pleasant relations with Lydia Thompson at one time.

"It is quite true, as Lydia Thompson has said, that

I played the part of her mother in 'Little Treasure,'" said Mrs. Kendal recently, as she looked up from her knitting with a bright smile. "It is quite true I was playing first and second old woman when I was thirteen years old, and I was doing that line of business at Davenport when Win. Rignold was playing 'Claude Melnotte,' and I dressed the character in my mother's old clothes. I remember once that George Rignold 'made up' my face for the part, and he filled me with so many wrinkles and made me look so terribly old that William became



angry and ordered my 'make up' washed off. Then you can imagine how I looked in my mother's clothes with my girlish thirteen-year-old face. It is not surprising that Lydia Thompson can say that I played the part of her mother so long ago. In the old English stock companies, if an actor or actress had a child of any dramatic promise, the child was 'thrown in' like a piece of bread, to make weight. Such a child was worth just so much additional salary to its parents. I was valued at ten shillings a week at that time, and I began at thirteen with first and second old woman. At fifteen I was a leading lady, and at that age I played *Lady Macbeth* with Phelps. Indeed, I was not quite fifteen. I played the part in February and my birthday was in March. So you see," said Mrs. Kendal, as she again raised her eyes from the ever present knitting, "I am proud to acknowledge the truth of Lydia Thompson's story."

I see that Willie Collier, late assistant stage manager and comedian at Daly's Theatre, has made a hit in the "City Directory" by imitating on the stage the eccentric personality of Augustin Daly.

This leads me to remark that some of our best comedians are very clever in the way they imitate the looks, words, tones, and gestures of some of our leading actors.

Actors love to imitate each other.

You recall, of course, Dixey's counterfeit of Irving, and how mad Irving recently got when Leslie made a caricature of him on the stage.

Tim Murphy can impersonate Harrigan, Robson, Wilson, and De Wolf Hopper to the life.

Bob Graham is clever in his imitation of Lawrence Barrett.

George Knight used to be great in his take-off of Postart.

Lackaye can imitate Salvini.

Donnelly and Girard are excellent mimics of Tony Pastor.

Grace Filkins is inimitable in the way she copies the purr, pout and enunciation of Ada Rehan.

Katie Rooney is amusing in her monkeyings of her papa, Pat Rooney.

Mary Shaw is first rate in her copy of Modjeska.

It is worth a dollar and a half to see Loie Fuller imitate J. M. Hill.

And it's worth three dollars to see Alfred Hudson copy the flutulent pomposity and stizzling, deliberating vacuity of R. M. Field, of the Boston Museum.

One of the most amiable agents I've met on the road is Al Southerland, of the "Rag Baby Company." Southerland thinks some of starring Dan Collyer next season.

Bernhardt, the cable tells us, may play the Virgin Mary, in a religious play, shortly.

It will be as rare a sight as a messenger boy in a hurry.

Prominent among the first-nighters of Chicago, is Edward Freiburger. He is a handsome fellow who sports a scarf pin which Sembrich gave him some years ago. Freiburger writes railroad news for the *Inter-Ocean* by day and goes to the opera by night. His poetry is not as interesting as his prose. He knows all the prominent actresses who come to town and affects the society of litterateurs.

I overheard this bit of conversation between Miss Gushly, a young lady fond of art, and Rakeby, an old-time gambler and rounder, the other night:

"Do you draw?"

"That, well, that depends on the cards I get."

Whether an actor draws or not depends largely on the part he gets.

If a part fits an actor and the actor has half a brain, he'll make something of it.

Most actors are identified with one part, and one part only.

The part is generally written for them and represents themselves.

Barrymore is *Captain Swift* and nothing else.

Mansfield is *Baron Cheriol* and nothing else.

Powers is always *Rats*, and Frank Daniels is always *Old Sport*, and so on.

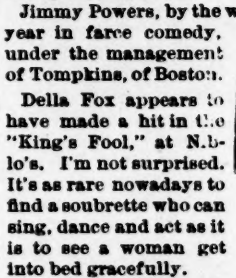
Jimmy Powers, by the way, tells me he may star next year in farce comedy, under the management of Tompkins, of Boston.

Della Fox appears to have made a hit in the "King's Fool," at N. B. lo's. I'm not surprised. It's as rare nowadays to find a soubrette who can sing, dance and act as it is to see a woman get into bed gracefully.

Sidney Rosenfeld, whose "Stepping Stone" seems to be a fiasco at the Standard, New York, lives at Yonkers and plays chess at the Lotus Club. His wife used to be a dancer, like the wife of Brander Matthews, and she wields a clever pen.

One of the most courteous railroad men you can meet anywhere is W. B. Jerome, of Chicago. He is the General Western Passenger Agent of the New York Central Railroad.

An elegant Cabinet Photograph of Gen. Sherman, in uniform, the latest taken. Price, 10 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of price. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



When I rode over that fine road, amid beautiful scenery, some weeks ago, and saw the star fakirs taking it easy in luxurious cars, I thought of what Harry Miner once told me of theatrical travel thirty-five years ago, in carts, with bill-boards and paste, costumes and actors all on one pine-board wagon. Times have certainly changed.

The clown, Zanfretti, is fond of fishing.

"You must come to my farm and see ze frogs," said he to a friend some time ago. "I have frogs in my ponds, big ones! I feel like a lord on my farm. But you musn't talk. You frighten the frogs! They jump high, so high, if you talk. A good fisher is like a good clown. He talk not at all, and he work quiet."

Pauline Hall, on the road as at home, has big bunches and baskets of flowers sent up to her on first nights. The best acting Hall ever does is when she manifests surprise on receiving these floral tributes.

Emma Sheridan, of the Boston Museum, continues to write wishy-washy poetry, and perhaps imagines that she's as great as was Ada Isaacs Menken.

Fanny Rice, whose head Jake Rosenthal swelled some time ago by saying she ought to star, will probably continue to sing her throaty songs in traveling companies next year, as she has in the past.

Helen Barry, I see, chivalrously gave an entertainment at the Home of Incurables last week. Miss Barry proved that she was herself an incurable by giving two recitations.

Mique O'Brien, of the *Times-Star*, Cincinnati, recently scored that supercilious manager and poor actor, Max Rosenberg, wittily thus:

"Mr. Rosenberg proudly says he used to be with Edwin Booth. I don't wonder now that Lawrence Barrett is sick."

LEW ROSEN.

#### ANOTHER DAM BURSTS.

A Storage Reservoir in Prescott, Ariz., Collapses with Great Loss to Life and Property.

Another Johnstown horror has just been reported, this time from Prescott, Arizona. Another dam has burst and has carried death and destruction on its rushing tide. Telegraphic communication having been cut off only the most meagre details of the sad occurrence have been received as the POLICE GAZETTE goes to press, but enough has been learned to make the fact certain that at least forty lives and millions of dollars worth of property were destroyed.

The dam, which cost \$300,000 and which was used for storage purposes, was built across the Hassavampa River two years ago by the Walnut Grove Water Storage Company. It is now a complete wreck. Up to the time of writing it is utterly impossible to tell the exact damage to life and property as the country is in a high state of excitement and, as was the case with the Johnstown flood, the exact amount of damage will never be known.

The dam burst its banks on Saturday, February 22, and soon the whole valley was the scene of death and desolation.

As the town of Wickenburg, thirty miles below the dam, was on the same stream, great fears are entertained for the safety of that town, but as there is no telegraphic communication no news has yet been obtainable of its fate. The service dam of the company, fifteen miles below the reservoirs, and fifteen miles of flume just approaching completion, were also swept away, although the company has spent over \$800,000 on the enterprise of steering the water. The hydraulic mining machine had arrived and they expected to commence operations next week.

The dam which held the waters back was 110 feet long at the base and 400 feet at the top. It was 110 feet thick at the base and 10 feet at the top, forming a lake three miles in length by three-fourths of a mile wide, and 110 feet deep. Lieut. Brodie, in charge of the work, was absent at Phoenix superintending the shipment of the machinery to the works, and was saved. Among those known to have been drowned are:

J. Haines, wife and four children; H. Boone and daughters; John Silby, Joseph Reynolds, Mrs. McCarthy, S. McMiller.

Not the slightest doubt had been entertained of the safety of the dam, and numerous houses had been erected by miners at various places along the course of the stream. These were uplifted by the raging waters as though they had been corks, and floated down stream until they were dashed to pieces.

The first intimation of the appalling disaster was a sound resembling thunder, and at the same instant a perpendicular wall of water fully fifty feet high came rushing down the narrow valley with almost incredible speed. Fortunately there were but comparatively few people living near the bottom of the hillsides, and of these a large number were warned by the awful sound and escaped to higher ground.

The valley widens above Wickenburg, and much of the town lies upon the lowlands close to the course of the stream, and it is almost certain that the vast body of water which rushed out of the reservoir has carried away many houses at that place. It is believed that fully as many people were drowned there as immediately below the dam. The ruined dam is cut from the top almost to the bottom, as though a section had been dragged out, and the water above is only a few feet deep.

Heavy rains have fallen for several days, and it was apparent that the water in the lake was approaching the danger line. The rain continued throughout the night, and early next morning the water rose to the top of the dam and cut a small passage near the centre, which rapidly widened and deepened as the water poured over it, until in less than twenty minutes the little stream had become a roaring cataract.

The storage company is blamed for not having provided a sufficient outlet for the water in times of danger. The only way of letting off water was through the flume, and this afforded no appreciable relief. This is the first of the great storage reservoirs projected in the Territory, and it is believed this disaster will operate to discourage the construction of similar dams.

#### ETTA BAKER MARTIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The pleasing features of Etta Baker Martin, one of the attractive actresses of the "Twelve Temptations" Company, are reproduced in our columns this week. Her impersonations of ingenue character are much praised. Luke Martin, the well-known actor and stage manager, is the lady's husband.

"BEAUTIFUL WOMEN." See advertisement, page 14.



# VERY FLY LOVE.

St. Louis' Pretties Get Up a Club Against Widders.

A BALTIMORE BLONDE'S MASH.

Two Plymouth, Pa., Families Busted.

NINE HUSBANDS FOR ONE!

A Charming Newark Girl Flirts Herself into Trouble.

A CARLSTADT, N. J., BEAUTY'S FAKE.

I'll be ding-basted if it doesn't look as if this country is going to the demitition bow wows because of Cupid's funny business. Love is all well enough in its way, but when people get so much mixed up in it that they rant and tear around and whoop things up and impress their neighbors with the idea that they have an attack of jim jams, worms or jumping stomach-ache, it's time for Johnny to get his gun and go hunting for chumps.

Sit down and take off your things! You won't feel 'em when you go out!

## A BALTIMORE BLONDE'S PRIZE.

Mrs. Edward Fautvoe, the wife of an agent of the Furness line of steamships, is extremely anxious as to the whereabouts of her husband and Miss Edith Mansfield, an entrancing blonde, German madchen,



FAUTVOE AND HIS BLONDE.

who disappeared at the same time as did Edward. When Edward left town, he was somewhat in arrears to the company, and to a merchant or two, 'tis whispered. It is also whispered that for some time prior to their abscundation, Fautvoe and Miss Mansfield had been extremely intimate, and Dame Rumor hath it, that Miss Mansfield had a luxuriously furnished apartment for which Fautvoe paid or promised to pay the bills.

Several mistakes on the part of Fautvoe, although liable to occur at times to the shrewdest shipper, created some dissatisfaction with the owners of the line, and led to an investigation of Fautvoe's management. It was then that some questionable transactions came to light.

Recently an attachment was issued by Judge Phelps, and the merchants from whom the faithless husband had purchased the furniture seized their property for debt. The couple had been living in the house for six months. When the pair first moved into the house the neighbors' curiosity was aroused. "Who are they," was asked. Curiosity was soon satisfied, for the woman in the case, a magnificent-looking creature, with golden hair, lustrous eyes, and a fine figure, vouchsafed the information that they were Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield, but lately married, who, for economy's sake, had sought the quiet Federal street.

A week before Fautvoe's disappearance unusual activity was noticed at the house. Drays came to the door and were laden with huge boxes and parcels consigned to "Mr. Mansfield, Bremen, Germany." Mrs. Mansfield became communicative and clasped her hands in glee when she told the neighbors that her husband had business to attend to in Germany, and that in his goodness he intended taking her along.

Meanwhile Mrs. Fautvoe, the neglected wife of the agent, who was awaiting her husband's coming, had given up all hopes and advertised her property for sale. She has been left almost penniless, and may have to depend upon her friends for support. Fautvoe was a hustler, and received \$5,000 a year from the company. He always lived well and spent money about town very freely. He is about thirty-eight years of age and is real fascinating, so, at least, the girls say.

## A CARLSTADT, N. J., GIRL'S FAIRY STORY.

There is a real sweet girl, who lives, when she is at home, in Carlstadt, N. J., which her name it is Wilhelmina Lestrang. Lena is about twenty years of age,

and is sweet enough to burst a blood vessel. The only fault that Wilhelmina has is that she is fond of the boys, occasionally permits old John Barleycorn to seduce her and is a colossal liar. One night recently, while Policeman Long, of Newark, was sauntering over his beat he found a young lady lying on a stoop in Commerce street, Newark. She was, apparently, drunk and was taken to police headquarters in a patrol wagon. There it was discovered that she was sick. Police Surgeon Clark found that she had either taken poison or had been drugged. She became unconscious, but after two hours of hard work he revived her. She then said she was Wilhelmina Lestrang, was twenty years old, and that she had recently come from Carlstadt, N. J. When she reached Newark in the afternoon, she said she had \$1,000 in money. At this point in her story she again became unconscious. A search of her person revealed the fact that the \$1,000 was gone. Chief Detective Ward and several



WILHELMINA LESTRANG'S FAKE ASSAULT.

of his men set out at once to unravel the mystery. She recovered consciousness just before midnight and reiterated her story of losing \$1,000. Only \$2.34 was found in her pockets. She said she went to Newark to look for friends, and was induced to enter a notorious resort, where she was assaulted and robbed.

On the following morning when Wilhelmina had gotten over her illness she acknowledged that Mr. Barleycorn had done her, and that the \$1,000 story was a vision from fairyland.

## ST. LOUIS GIRLS VS. ST. LOUIS WIDDERS.

Judging by appearances, there must be a scarcity of good looking, sturdy, marriageable young men in St. Louis. Either that state of things exists or the captivating widows of the town are scooping in all the fellows, and the giddy, gushing, neighbors' girls are being left sadly and hopelessly in the lurch.

This sort of grabbing has been going on so long that it finally made them tired, and they waxed wroth and organized the Pretty Marriageable and Altogether Lovely Kickers Association. They held a meeting in a palatial residence and shattered the widows with their assertions of discontent. All hands, or, rather tongues, wagged at the same time, and when the meeting finally adjourned it was ascertained that the foundation walls had sagged several inches and that there were big cracks in the roof.

The result of the hugable girls' deliberations was a letter, which was afterward forwarded to Mayor Noonan and which was to this effect:

"Whereas, We, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy frame of mind considering how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows, and we are neglected in consequence of this. We request that your Excellency will, in the future, order that no widow presume to marry any young man until the maids are provided for; or else pay each of them a fine of satisfaction for invading our liberties, and likewise a fine on all such bachelors who marry widows.

"The great disadvantage to us maids is that widows, by their forward carriage, do snap up the young men,

What chance has St. Louis for the World's Fair when it can't take care of its own fair?

## A PLYMOUTH, PA., ELOPEMENT.

Not to be behind her sister State, New Jersey, Pennsylvania rushes to the front line of the procession with a little scandal of her own. Plymouth, a usually sedate town is the scene of the circus, and Mrs. John Clemmo, and Mr. Perry Hughes, with the former's husband and the latter's wife, are the most deeply interested parties. They are of the best people in that locality.

The cause of all the trouble is an elopement, and the elopers are Mrs. John Clemmo, before mentioned, a wife of only two years, whose husband is weighmaster for the Delaware and Hudson Coal Company, and Perry Hughes aforesaid, for some years captain of the river steamboat Mayflower. Mrs. Clemmo is the step-daughter of Thomas Carter, proprietor of one of the

wife is over jealous. And who wouldn't be of a handsome man and a bewitching girl, such as Mr. Brennan and "Miss Feeney" respectively are?

## A SHELBYVILLE, IND., MAN-GRABBER.

Shelbyville, Ind., is the possessor of the champion female Mormon. She appears to have a longing de-



JOHN CLEMMO WIFELESS.

sire to grab all the men in Kaintuck, and the men now remain indoors after dark. The lady's last name was Mollie Corwin but now it is Mollie Cusick. She donned the new cognomen recently when she was hitched to George Cusick. A half dozen of George's predecessors, exclusive of George, are still above ground, while two are holding up shade in a bery of cemeteries.

Mollie's first appearance as a blushing bride was in 1867, and she has been reappearing in the same role, minus the blushing, at intervals of from two to four years ever since. She has been no respecter of persons in her eager hunt for a satisfactory life-partner. The high and low, rich and poor, farmer and townsman, have all been tried and found wanting, but she has shown no sign of letting up in her pursuit of an ideal husband. Probably no woman in Indiana knows



MRS. BRENNAN OBJECTS.

more of divorce courts than Mollie Corwin Cusick, who is passably fair, not fat, and fully forty.

What a picnic Mollie would have had if she had resided in Salt Lake City in Brigham's time, if she had been cast in another mold!

TOMMY RATS.

## FROZEN IN THE ICE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A half dozen boys were looking for a place to skate recently on the meadows in Hoboken, N. J., when they discovered the dead body of a young woman lying face downward, frozen fast in the ice. There were about six inches of water and ice around the body. She was about thirty years of age, 5 feet 3 inches tall, and had dark hair, light gray eyes, and weighed about 130 pounds. No one appeared to have seen the woman until she was found dead, but the mystery was solved on the following day, when the body was identified as that of Maggie Moore, a frail woman of Bridgeport, Conn. She was of intemperate habits, and on the night previous to her death had been in a local saloon with a puglist named Jack Brennan. Brennan had ill-treated the woman in the saloon. He is locked up.

## A VITRIOL-THROWING FIEND.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Emma Fletcher, the daughter of a business man living in the suburbs of Erie, Pa., was assaulted recently by a vitriol-thrower. The young lady went to the door to answer a summons. As the door was opened a masked man threw a quantity of vitriol at her face. The man then ran away. Dennis McCarthy, a neighbor, heard of the assault, and started in pursuit. About an hour later McCarthy traced the man and a companion to an unoccupied house. The vitriol-thrower and his companion opened fire upon McCarthy and seriously wounded him. The two men then made good their escape.

## JOE ATKINSON'S RIVAL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. George Maledon is the Joe Atkinson of Fort Smith, Ark. Mr. Maledon is about sixty years of age. During his career as a hangman he has executed 83 murderers, only three of whom were hanged separately.

## HE FINDS ROPES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elias Conklin, alias Harry Miller, a noted horse thief of Connecticut, was recently captured in Danbury, Conn., by Chief Keating. Horse owners will do well to study his portrait, which appears elsewhere.

## GAME COCKS HIS FORTE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

E. H. Gleichman, of Paducah, Ky., is a noted game fowl breeder, and well known throughout the State. He is very popular and has a host of friends.

TWO GREAT BOOKS.—Bella Starr; or, The Female Outlaw of the West; and Devil Anse; or, The Hatfield McCoy Outlaws. Handsomely illustrated; 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



AN EMBARGO PLACED ON WIDOWS.

and have the vanity to think their merit beyond ours, which is a great imposition upon us, who ought, by right, to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and we hope you will permit no further insults to poor maids. You would confer a great favor upon us if you will give this matter your earliest attention."

Send two cents for our Catalogue of Sensational and Sporting Books, Cabinet Photos and Sporting Goods of all descriptions. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

young "lady" out of the house, and they were only too glad to escape. When Brennan returned a few hours later there was a lively time, and it is probable that there will be a separation.

Some of the neighbors are uncharitable enough to say that Brennan never went to Europe at all, but that he spent his time and money with the "captain's daughter" in this city.

Mr. Brennan, however, and he is the soul of honor, denies the base insinuation, and maintains that his





ETTA BAKER MARTIN.

THE PLEASING FEATURED AND ATTRACTIVE ARTISTE, NOW PLAYING WITH THE  
"TWELVE TEMPTATIONS" COMPANY.



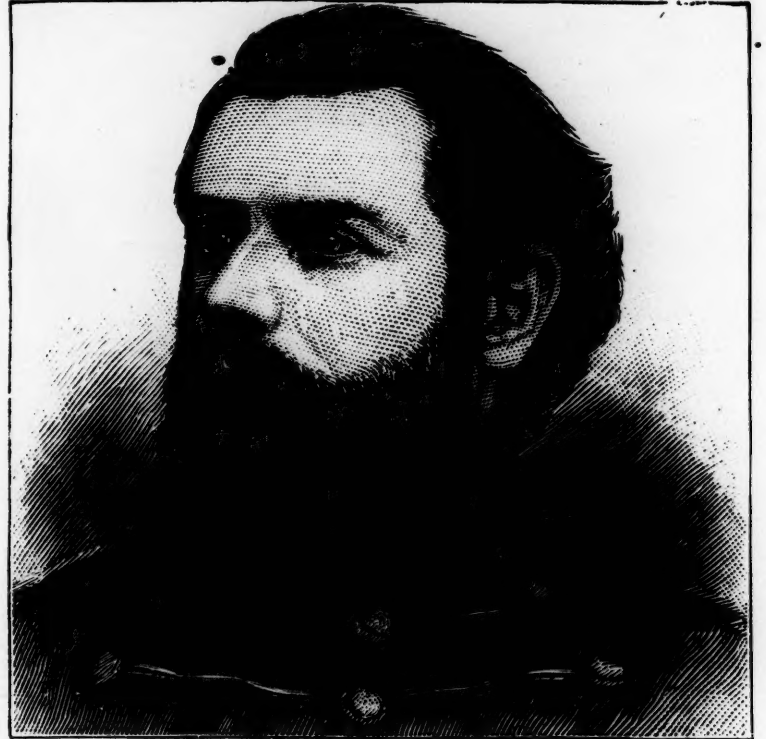
HE'S AT THE TOP NOW.

GEORGE MILBANK, THE POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER  
OF THE GAIETY THEATRE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



THE LUSCIOUS BILTON SISTERS.

TWO BEAUTIFUL AND FASCINATING ACTRESSES OF MERRY ENGLAND, WHO HAVE MADE QUITE A  
COMMOTION IN LONDON BLUE-BLOOD CIRCLES.



A POPULAR SQUIRE.

JUSTICE CHARLES H. HOWELL, OF PHOENIXVILLE, PA., WHO IS  
ALSO A WORTHY FIRE LADDIE OF HIS TOWN.



EDITOR OF THE "PINK 'UN."

MR. JOHN CORLETT, OF THE LONDON "SPORTING TIMES," WHO  
IS AN AUTHORITY ON ENGLISH TURF MATTERS.





**JOE ATKINSON'S RIVAL.**  
HANGMAN MALEDON, OF FORT SMITH, ARK., WHO  
HAS 83 EXECUTIONS ON HIS LIST.



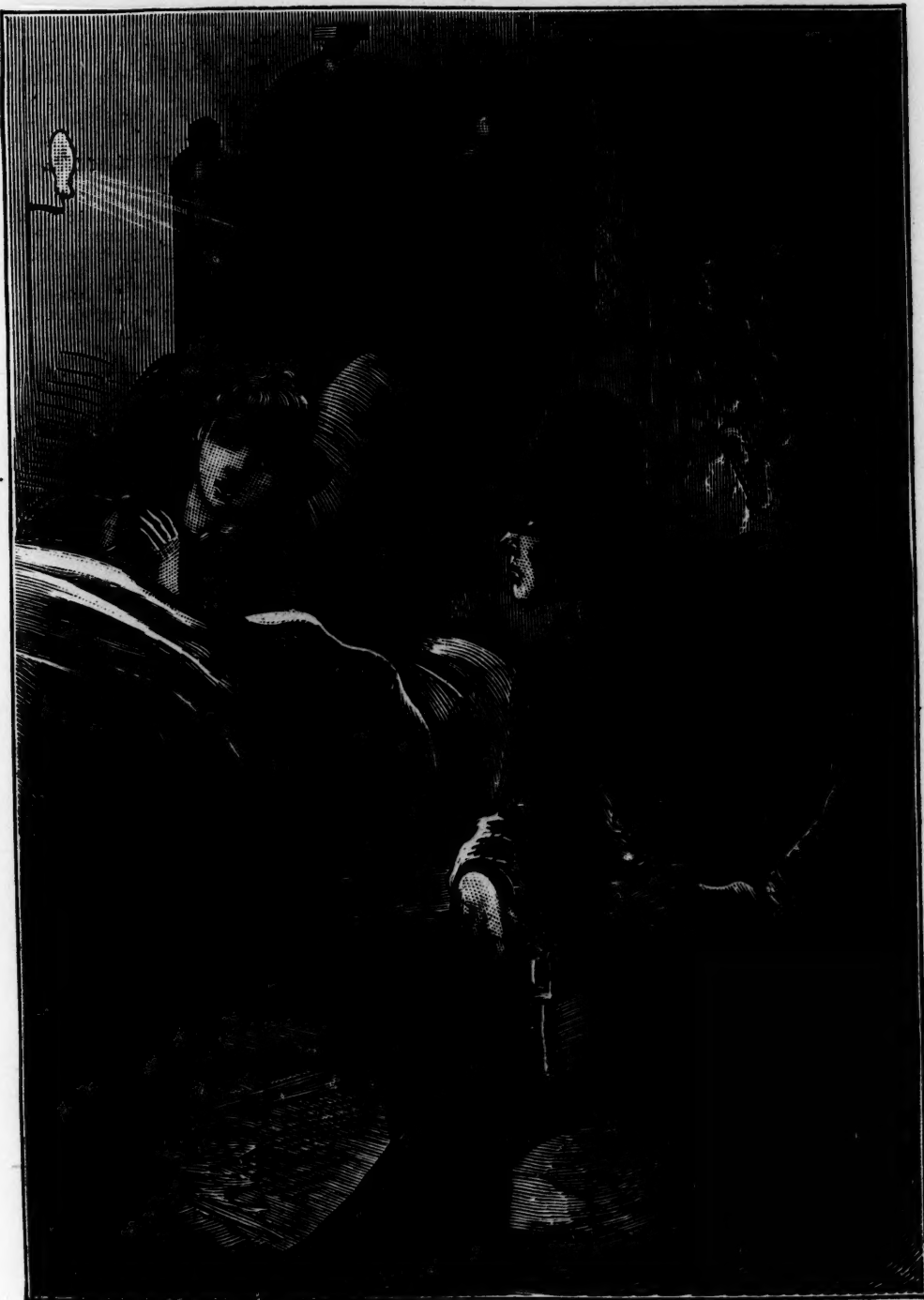
**A VITRIOL-THROWING FIEND.**  
MISS EMMA FISHER, OF ERIE, PA., THE VICTIM OF AN ASSAULT, AND HER DE-  
FENDER AFTERWARD SERIOUSLY WOUNDED.



**HE FINDS ROPES**  
WITH HORSES ATTACHED AND ELIAS CONKLIN  
OF DANBURY, CONN., IS JUGGED.



**IT KILLED THE FLEAS.**  
BUT THE PETROLEUM TREATMENT APPLIED BY FARMER WOODRUFF OF WARWICK, N. Y., ALSO WIPED OUT THE BULL.



**THE BURGLAR HAD GALL.**  
THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. B. F. BOOKER, OF TOPEKA, KAN., BURGLARIZED, AND THE  
MISCREANT HAS A PLEASANT CHAT WITH THE LADY.



**SKIPPED WITH A KID!**  
THE PRETTY MELIKY BRIDE OF CELESTIAL SIN FOAM, OF BOSTON, MASS., FLEES  
WITH A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD YOUTH.



## A SLIPPERY CROOK.

After Having Forged his Way  
into the Huntingdon,  
Tenn., Jail,

HE FORGED HIS WAY OUT.

The Highly Romantic Story of J.  
Clay Johnson, Gentleman.

WHERE IS J. CLAY NOW?

For slippery crooks J. Clay Johnson, who recently forged himself out of the Huntingdon, Tenn., jail, should be awarded a large, fat medal.

Johnson evidently thought that it was a poor rule that wouldn't work both ways. He had been a forger pretty nearly all his life, and one might imagine that he had been jailed often enough to consider a dungeon



J. CLAY JOHNSON.

cell his home, but Johnson wasn't built that way. Having, at last, added another forgery to his little, or rather big list, he was yanked in. But he wasn't happy and so he determined to forge a bond for his release. This he did, and now the officials are hunting for him with great vehemence.

This is the story of Johnson's life as sent us by a correspondent:

J. Clay Johnson is the son of Mr. Jno. T. Johnson, a respectable farmer of Prince Edward County, Va., and was born and raised near Farmville, in that State. Johnson was well educated and up to the age of eighteen gave promise of being a useful man.

In 1884 he commenced his crooked career, and on March 13, 1884, he was received at the Richmond, Va., Penitentiary under a sentence of two years for forgery, from Danville. While wearing the stripes he got three months off for good conduct and was discharged Dec. 7, 1885. He was received again at the Virginia penitentiary as W. E. Smith, alias J. C. John-



JOHNSON AS A TRAMP.

son, for forgery, being sent this time from the city of Lynchburg, and discharged the second time on March 10, 1887.

The next leaf turned in the history of this interesting individual locates him in Lewisburg, Marshall County, Tenn., where he soon made many friends. Among them, Mr. G. A. McLane, a wealthy lumber dealer, and Mr. J. M. Thornton, a wealthy farmer. He managed to get Messrs. McLane and Thornton's signature, then jumped the town, leaving a livery and hotel bill unpaid, and in a day or two turned up at Fayetteville, Tenn., where he tried to sell a note of \$450 to the Fayetteville bank, purporting to be made by Messrs. McLane and Thornton. The forgery was detected, Johnson was arrested, but on trial had a hung jury, and the court turned him loose, on his promise to leave the State and never return.

Soon after that the villain appeared at Centerville, Tenn., as E. D. Carter, where he tried to sell Jno. T. Walker, cashier of the First National Bank, a note for \$250 for a house and lot in Dickson, Tenn., sold by the said E. D. Carter to R. B. Stone and W. J. Mallory of Charlotte. Mr. Walker refused to buy the note until he could investigate, so the forger left it but never returned. He beat the hotel at Dickson out of his board. We next find him as J. C. Johnson at McKenzie, Tenn., where he beat the hotel out of a week's board and jumped the town at night.

The next chapter opens by finding Johnson as a com-

mon tramp going through Milan, Tenn., stopping with J. J. Birdsong, a farmer, near Medina in Gibson county. Here he claimed to be an expert bridge builder, and Mr. Birdsong gave him work at his sawmill, where he made a good hand for a short time. While working at this sawmill he got acquainted with Y. P. McLemore, a



JOHNSON MARRIES WIDOW McELWAIN.

wealthy farmer of Carroll county, and a short time thereafter he slipped into Huntingdon, Tenn., like a thief in the night, and registered as E. M. House, having in his pockets two notes on Mr. McLemore, one for \$300 and one for \$200. By means of some very skillful lying, saying he was a railroad contractor and had a contract to furnish a lot of timber for bridges to the Midland Railroad Company; that he was running a large sawmill at Millin, Tenn., he sold the \$200 note to Bank of Carroll and jumped the town at night.

Just previous to this shady transaction he figured in Cadiz, Ky., as E. D. Carter, claiming he was going to open a large livery stable in Clarksville, Tenn., and under pretense of buying horses, he sold F. G. Terry, cashier of the Cadiz bank, a forged note for \$275 on Gaines Bros. of Clarksville, and moved out.

Dec. 19, 1888, he married Mrs. Ida McElwain, a widow lady with two children, who lived near Medina, Tenn., and moved to Clarksville, where he located as a tobacco manufacturer, claiming to be from Richmond, Va. While living there he forged two notes of \$1,000 each on Mr. Adams, of Humboldt, Tenn., which he deposited in bank at Clarksville for safe keeping. This was done to gain the confidence of some parties who he wanted to put up some money to help start a tobacco factory, so he could steal all the cash and skip out; but in this he was not successful, for a few days before the "Co." got ready to turn over to Mr. Johnson a few thousand to buy the machinery for his big tobacco factory, Special Deputy Sheriff



JOHNSON NIPPED.

Bryant suddenly appeared on the scene with a State's warrant for the sharper's arrest, and carefully nursing a pair of handcuffs, the slick Mr. J. Clay Johnson was hustled off to Huntingdon to answer the charge of forgery. Here he could not give bonds and was jailed, but making every effort to escape, he was sent to the Nashville jail for safe keeping, with an order from Judge Swiggart that he might be released on a \$2,000 bond. Here the man's genius showed itself and came the crowning act of his life, stamping him as one of the most expert forgers of modern times.

Sheriff Marshall, of Nashville, one morning received through the mail a bond for \$2,000, made by D. W. C. Nowlin, J. D. King and J. J. Birdsong, of Madison county, Tenn., who had gone before the county court clerk and qualified as to their solvency, and the clerk had attached his certificate thereto in due legal form. This bond was duly approved by the circuit court judge, and everything showing straight, the sheriff turned him out. Thus the infamous villain once more had his liberty, but his history does not end here. Nearly three months after he was released from the



JOHNSON FORGES THE BOND.

Nashville jail elapsed before the Carroll county circuit court convened, and then the astonishing fact was made known that the bond was a cunning piece of forgery written by Johnson in his cell, and so closely had

See our advertisement on page 14 of Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the leading Pugilists, Athletes, Actors and Sporting Men, only 10 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

he imitated the handwriting of the judge, county clerk and others that the criminal court judge and sheriff at Nashville accepted it as genuine, and thus the rascal secured his release and is now at large, ready to swindle others.

Johnson is 29 years old, 5 feet 10 inches high, weighs about 140 pounds, very black hair, dark brown (almost black) eyes, moles on breast and back of neck, scar on right leg near heel, and one on under side of left leg near knee; is a smooth, pleasant talker, and acts and looks like an Episcopal clergyman. He uses the cloak of religion to aid in his swindling operations, attends church and Y. M. C. A. rooms, where, by his pleasing manner and address, soon makes friends and gains the confidence of honest people whom he intends to rob.

Johnson confines his operations largely to country banks and so skillfully has he worked that he has victims all over the country, and has swindled banks and others out of a great deal of money. He introduces himself to the bank as Mr. so and so and tells a plausible story about being a saw-mill owner, railroad contractor, livery stable man buying horses, mule dealer, or something of that kind, and winds up by saying he



JOHNSON IS RELEASED.

wants to sell a note on some farmer or merchant well-known to the bank, and being an expert penman, the signatures are pronounced genuine by the best judges at once.

### HE GOT \$2,500 FOR \$1.

Lanson Burrows, of Scott Street Draws a Prize in The Louisiana State Lottery.

When Theodore Cornman, Jr., agent of the United States Express in this city, handed two crisp \$1,000 bills and a new \$500 bill last Monday to Lanson Burrows, the latter's eyes glistened with genuine pleasure. In the latter part of December Mr. Burrows sent \$1 for one-twentieth of a ticket in The Louisiana State Lottery, and in return was sent that part of ticket No. 64,301. At the January drawing that ticket drew the third capital prize of \$50,000, making Mr. Burrows' share of it \$2,500. His ticket was given to the United States Express company for collection, and the cash was promptly handed to him a few days ago, as stated. Mr. Burrows is a butcher, residing at No. 1,453 Scott street, this city, and is a man of limited means, so that his prize comes very good to him at this time. To a representative of The Breakfast Table he said that as yet he was undecided whether to invest his money in a house and lot or in business. He also stated voluntarily that he is perfectly satisfied with the way The Louisiana State Lottery people conduct their business, and their treatment of him. The last ticket is the eleventh he had invested in, and deducting them and \$9.65 for collection of his prize, his clear gain is \$2,479.35.—Williamsport (Pa.) Breakfast Table, February 8.

### HER LOVER A TARGET.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Bertha Johnson charged William Wayne in Judge Campbell's court in San Diego, Cal., recently, with trying to murder her by administering poison to her. Wayne had been intimate with the girl. During a recess of the trial Bertha walked towards a table near Wayne, ostensibly to get a drink of water. She held the glass to her lips and stepping toward Wayne, drew a revolver and fired at close range, the bullet striking the man in the neck. Wayne slipped down in his chair with his head resting on the back of it. Two more shots were fired but missed their mark. As the fourth shot was about to be fired a spectator knocked the pistol from the girl's hands and held her. Wayne's wound was examined by a doctor, who pronounced him dangerously injured. The girl was locked up.

### A ONE-SIDED MILL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A tempest which has for sometime past, been brewing and gathering strength in the society-circles of Baltimore's 400, has at last burst. Dame Gossip had it that Mr. S. Gross Horwitz, had offered to write for a New York newspaper, articles reflecting on the discretion of some of the society leaders. Horwitz traced the reports to Mr. William H. Lucas, another member of the 400. Horwitz, accompanied by Mr. Fred J. Dallam, called upon Mr. Lucas at his office. During the visit, Horwitz took advantage of Mr. Lucas, and tucked his head under his arm, and there held it while he painted one eye black, cut an ear, played a tattoo on Lucas' lips, and otherwise damaged his physiognomy. Horwitz was unhurt.

### HE'S VERY POPULAR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Very few oarsmen are better known than John J. Lynch, Captain of the Riverside Boat Club of Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Lynch was born in Quincy, Mass., twenty-six years ago. He joined the Riverside Boat Club six years ago. Since his membership he has taken an active part in nearly all the rowing events of Massachusetts.

### SKIPPED WITH A KID.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Chinese society circles of Boston, Mass., are in a terrible state of excitement because of the elopement of the wife of Sin Foam. Sin should not be judged by the front portion of his name, as he is a law-abiding citizen, and, like the American ways and maidens, married a pretty Boston girl. He is now, however, foaming at the mouth. The one who stole Foam's

bride away is Master Tommy Seaton, aged fifteen years, who lived with his mother. A few days ago the "Melican" wife and Tommy met by appointment, and skipped to New York by the Providence route and the light of the moon. Foam is on a still hunt for his erring wife and her little Tommy.

### AT A GRANGER'S FESTIVAL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Farmers' Alliance, of Lexington, Ind., recently gave an entertainment. A gang of toughs entered the hall and attempted to break up the entertainment. They were driven from the hall, but returned later, armed with revolvers, and dared the farmers to eject them. William Boles, a farmer, attacked the leader of the gang, Sheridan Stoner, knocking him down with a bench leg. Stoner drew his revolver, shot Boles through the heart and then fired several shots at random. Frank Saluda was wounded in the arm and George Shea was struck in the thigh. Boles' wife fainted beside his dead body, and in the confusion that followed Stoner managed to escape.

### A POLICE GAZETTE CHAMPION.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The arrival of Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion of the world, with Dick Roche and Billy Madden, in San Francisco, created quite a stir among the sport-loving denizens of the Golden Gate. McAuliffe's gentlemanly manner, his style, and the additional fact that he is the holder of the "Police Gazette" championship belt gained him a hearty reception. He had the latter with him and it was greatly admired. In this week's issue we publish a portrait of the champion, which was specially photographed for the POLICE GAZETTE.

### IT KILLED THE FLEAS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Farmer John C. Woodruff of Warwick, N. Y., has a fine lot of cattle, which, in turn, have a fine lot of fleas. Farmer John objected to the fleas, and sought to get the cattle and insects to dissolve partnership by applying a coat of crude petroleum to the bovines. Shortly after a bull had undergone the petroleum treatment, a farm hand touched him off with a match. His bullship started on a Maud S. gait for the barn, which caught fire and was soon burned down, together with the bull, two horses and two stacks of hay.

### CHASED BY A PRETTY GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss June Parish, of Bergen, N. Y., was about to retire a few nights ago, when she noticed a man hoisting a ladder up against the window directly under her boudoir. Miss Parish waited until the man was half way up the ladder, when she gave it a push, knocking it over and sending the would-be intruder to the ground. The plucky girl then darted from the house and started in pursuit of the man, who quickly got away. Miss Parish was the only inmate of the house at the time.

### POOLSELLER AND BOOKMAKER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of Chas. J. Van Scooter, of Fair Grove, Mich., will be found on another page. He is a young man whose honorable dealings in all sporting events in which he might participate have won for him many warm and influential friends. He has lately formed a partnership with one of the best known bookmakers in this country. "Van," as he is familiarly known, will no doubt cast lots with England's turfmen next season, he being a great lover of English fyers.

### THE LUSCIOUS BLITON SISTERS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

There are no more fascinating girls in all merry England than the famous Bliton Sisters, who are so much admired by patrons of London drama. Both sisters have created quite a stir in blue blood circles on the other side, pretty Belle having had an escapade with Lord Dunlop, and her sister having been the pet of other equally famous gentlemen.

### EDITOR OF THE "PINK 'UN."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the best known and most popular gentlemen on the English turf and race track is Mr. John Corlett, editor of the Sporting Times, London, which is better known as the "Pink 'Un." Mr. Corlett is an authority on sporting events and turf matters generally, and has gained considerable fame as the author of "Our Note Book," a popular London publication.

### HE'S AT THE TOP NOW.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most popular and successful theatrical men in this country is Mr. George Milbank, proprietor and manager of the Gayety Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Milbank is one of the young men of the profession who has reached the top rung of success by hard work, pluck and perseverance. He started in his theatrical career in Boston, where he was born.

### WELL UP IN COCK FIGHTING.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

J. W. Moore, the well-known sporting man and game fowl fancier of Hot Springs, Ark., is thirty-eight years of age, stands 5 feet 7 1/2 inches in height and weighs 172 pounds. Moore is one of the leading game fowl breeders in Arkansas. He owns the "Blue Clipper," a breed of birds hard to beat.

### A POPULAR 'SQUIRE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

'Squire Charles H. Howell is the local magistrate of Phoenixville, and it is due in a great measure to his efforts that the murderer of Patrick Hague, the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad engineer, has been brought to justice. Mr. Howell is also a member of the Phoenix band.

### ENGLAND'S FAMED PUGILIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Charley Wall, better known as "Toff," who recently defeated Bill Goode in the Pelican Club, London. Wall is the middle-weight champion of England.

IMPORTANT TO ALL ATHLETES IN TRAINING.—The "Police Gazette" Sweater. The finest ever made. Cannot be equaled in quality or price, which is \$3.50. Sent on receipt of price. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



## LIVELY MRS. MURRAY.

A Lovely South Orange, N. J.,  
Bride Fractious.

SHE BREAKS INTO HER HOME.

Husband and Wife at Sword's  
Points.

A TERRIBLE TALE OF TROUBLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

If everything that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Murray of South Orange, N. J., have to say about each other is true, the Murray homestead must have presented an extremely lively one at times, and the family did not dwell in that spirit of peace and harmony which is suggested to the people.

There is the least suggestion in the assertions of Mr. and Mrs. Murray, who have always been society leaders of South Orange, that it was always a catch-as-catch-can match between them as to which could make



SHE SAYS HE PULLED HER HAIR.

the other the most uncomfortable and as to which could rule the ranch, as it were.

There is no more fascinating woman in that section of the prettiest portion of all New Jersey than Mrs. Murray. To be sure the dashing little woman was said to be aware of the fact that she was as pretty as pretty could be, but what woman is not? Mrs. Murray certainly had an exceedingly voluptuous form and was fond of it, but who among the dear creatures doesn't do that identical thing, whether or not she has any reason for the exuberance? It is a historical fact that all members of the soft sex are more or less susceptible to admiration and flattery, but they should, at least, married women should, draw the line at their husbands, and this, it is alleged, Mrs. Murray studiously refrained from doing. Hence her husband's rather damaging assertions regarding her conduct.

But there is always two sides to every tale, and Mrs. Murray has a tale. It is a voluptuous tale, and is equally damaging against Mr. Murray's former repu-



FREDDY SHADOWED MRS. MURRAY.

tation for gentlemanlike conduct, as is his against lady-like deportment on her part.

Until quite recently, no one who knew the handsome and evidently well-matched couple, suspected that there was anything amiss between them. Trouble had, however, been brewing for some time, and during the present month, the storm burst forth in all its fury, and it is doubtful if the once loving hearts will ever again beat as one. If they do, they will have to get in their fine work quickly, for the courts are beginning to strangle all thoughts of love in the two breasts, and counter-suits for divorce have been begun by the former occupants of the former happy South Orange villa.

There was a terrible time in the Murray mansion early one evening during the week in question. The counter-suits for divorce referred to, had been previously quietly begun, and nobody was the wiser. Mrs. Murray had been in possession of the house,

while Mr. Murray, as had been announced to the neighbors, "was out of town on business."

While Mr. Murray wasn't near enough to personally watch his alleged recreant wife, he kept himself well informed as to her actions and movements. Mr. Murray's fifteen-year-old boy lived with his pa's young wife, and whenever Mrs. Murray took her walks abroad, Freddie, the boy, was a good second, and took mental notes which were translated to pa in a perhaps exaggerated form, when he and pa met by appointment. Freddie had, it is said, received instruc-



AN EXCITING DISPUTE.

tions to watch the volatile young wife day and night and he did it.

It is said that Mr. Murray discovered enough to cause him to determine to bring a suit for divorce.

On the day before the day of the rumpus the Vice-Chancellor directed that Mr. Murray should pay Mrs. Murray \$100 counsel fees and \$50 a month pending the trial of her suit. On the following day Mr. Murray took two friends as witnesses and went to South Orange. He tendered his wife some money, and told her that the Vice-Chancellor had expressly stated that she should find another home. This was the exact truth, but the vivacious and spunky little beauty was not ready to move, and she refused to take the money without the advice of her counsel. After a wrangle with her husband she started for Newark. She could not find Mr. Kalisch, her lawyer. She then hired a cab, and was driven rapidly home. When she reached the house she ran up the stoop and tried the door. It was locked, and Mr. Murray was standing in the hall.

"Let me in, papa," she said.

"No, you can't come in, my lady. This place is no longer your home," said Mr. Murray.

She did not wait to hear more, but, stepping to one of the parlor windows, she smashed a pane of glass, opened a catch, and, throwing up the sash, sprang lightly into the room. She broke the glass with her gloved hand, and did not cut herself. On reaching the hall she threw open the front door, and then turned and defied her husband. He left the house in a hurry,



MRS. MURRAY PACKED HER TRUNKS.

and visited the offices of two Justices of the Peace, asking for a warrant for the arrest of his wife, but met with a refusal in each case.

While Mrs. Murray was in Newark her husband had been busy packing up her personal effects, and they were wrapped up neatly and piled upon the lawn. As soon as he left she got them back into the house. Then she locked the doors and held the fort for the night. Freddie was afraid to stay in the house with her, and he slept in the stable wrapped in horse blankets, and lying on the hay.

Mrs. Murray says she will find another home, but she does not propose to be hurried. Murray says she has been quietly moving household goods for some time, and storing them with a friend. He said she might take them and welcome, if she would only store herself somewhere else and let his family occupy the



MRS. MURRAY DIDN'T WEAR A WIG.

house. Mr. Kalisch said he would advise her to quit, but that she must have her money first.

So much for Mr. Murray's story and that particular rumpus. Now for Mrs. Murray's and several other

An Elegant Gold Stop Watch, sweep second, each second split into fifths, for timing horse races, etc., only \$15.00. Send for circular.

RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

rumpuses which are said to have occurred in the mansion. Mrs. Murray, in her bill of complaint, alleges that her husband dragged her around by the hair. It was said in answer that she had no hair to be pulled and that she wore a wig. One of her friends twitted her about it and Mrs. Murray tugged vigorously at her hair with both hands, and asked if that looked as if she wore a wig. It is understood that she is making active preparations to leave the house and move to another in South Orange.

All South Orange is up in arms about the matter, as Mr. Murray is wealthy and his wife awfully nice.

## AN UNFORTUNATE GIRL'S SUICIDE.

Miss Maggie Miles Terminates her Existence in a Lufkin, Texas, Hotel.

A Miss Maggie Miles, under the name of a Mrs. Johnson, stopped at the Lufkin House, Lufkin, Texas, recently, ate a hearty supper and retired after purchasing twenty-five grains of morphine. On the following morning about 8 o'clock the landlord went to her room to summon her to breakfast, but her door was barred closely and not being able to get her to answer suspected something wrong and bursting open the door found her struggling in the throes of death. A physician was called but could do no good. The following is her story given in her own exact words and language in a letter she left:

"I have a sensation of longing to die, have attempted more than once to take my own life, but people follow me and watch me so closely, and will not allow me to procure anything to kill myself with. Now I can't go any further, as I have no money, so I will die a horrible death of some kind, as I cannot live a disgraced life. The man who caused me to be so wretched registered at the Hutchins House at Houston as J. C. Swelner, a fictitious name. I knew nothing of him registering in that way. He is a villain of the blackest hue. He outraged my virtue and left me weeping and praying to him not to disgrace me, and I told him if he did disgrace me I would take my life. He made me promises to protect me through life, which he would not do. All those vows he made me were false; he duped and deceived, and robbed me of all I possessed, and that was my virtue, and he was begging and pleading with him to marry me; but he was an unmerciful villain, and murdered my heart—robbed me of my life; but still I love him and will die for his sake, as it was the one great desire of his life to wreck my life and disgrace me, which he succeeded in doing.

Why did they save my life when I attempted to die at Houston—did he bring me back to life only to make me suffer more? I have suffered the agonies of death itself of degradation, but will die a virtuous life, for I feel I am virtuous, for he robbed me of my virtue against my will, he outraged my virtue and innocence, therefore I can die more satisfied and can leave this cruel world willingly, for I am tired of life, so farewell, cruel world.

It is hard to break my parents' hearts, but I must die.

The above tells the story of the sad ending of a once bright but blighted life, and refers to the young lady who some time ago created a sensation in Houston by attempting self destruction. Maggie Miles went to Houston with a young man and they registered at a prominent hotel as J. C. Swelner and wife. On the evening of the third day of their stay in Houston, the poor girl attempted to commit suicide by taking a large dose of chloroform. Her attempt at self-destruction was discovered in time to save her, and as soon as she was able to be moved she was taken to the St. Joseph's infirmary, where she was nursed back to health. A few days ago she left the city stating that she was going to Lake Charles, La. But the unfortunate, misguided girl, if she really intended going there, fell a victim to her own folly and the seductive wiles of an incontinent deceiver before she reached her destination. Her second attempt to take her life proved more successful than the first.

## COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

The following are the winners of the annual winter games of the Princeton College Athletic Association on Feb. 22, at Princeton, N. J.:

Putting the Shot—H. H. Janeway, '90, first, 37 feet 1 inch; W. B. Hill, '90, second.

Feather-Weight Wrestling—A draw between C. M. Somerly, '92, and W. Hedenburg, '91.

Light-Weight Wrestling—C. T. Grant, '93, first, and E. Nicodemus, '90, second.

Spring Board Jump—B. Donnelly, first, 8 feet 8 inches; J. S. Boddy, '91, second.

Middle Weight Wrestling—S. Homans, '92, first, and C. A. Kenny, '92, second.

Heavy Weight Wrestling—C. C. Jefferson, '92, first, and B. Donnelly, '90, second.

Running High Jump—A. H. Lilley, '93, first, 5 feet 5 inches, and J. A. Dear, Jr., '93, second.

Running High Kick—F. H. Lovell, Jr., '90, first, 8 feet 4 inches, and C. W. Tindle, '92, second.

The following are the winners of the athletic games of Williams College, at Williamstown, on Feb. 19.

Pole Vault—Person, '91, 9 feet 8 3/4 inches; Welsh, '93, 8 feet 8 3/4 inches.

Running high jump—Crook, '90, 5 feet 4 inches; Peters, '91, 5 feet 3 inches.

Hitch and Kick—Edgerton, '91, 8 feet.

Running broad jump—Strong, '90, 19 feet 8 inches; Davies, '92, 18 feet 10 inches.

Standing high jump—Crook, '90, 4 feet 11 1/4 inches; Strong, '90, 4 feet 6 3/4 inches.

Bar vault—Strong, '90, and Hall, '91, tied at 6 feet 3 3/4 inches.

## THE BURGLAR HAD GALL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A burglar forced an entrance into the residence of Mrs. B. F. Booker, of Topeka, Kan., recently. His presence in Mrs. Booker's bedroom awoke that lady, who inquired what the intruder wanted. He replied by cautioning the woman to make no outcry. He then sat down on the window sill, talked to Mrs. Booker fully half an hour, and then departed. One thousand dollars worth of property went with him. William Regan was arrested later and fully identified by Mrs. Booker as the robber.

## SHE ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Annie Lechner, of Orange, N. J., attempted to throw herself into the east branch of the Rahway river recently. The girl gave birth to a child, and John Pollardy, a young hatter, was charged with being the father of it. While in a fit of desperation Annie rushed from her home screaming, "I'll drown myself." Her mother caught her just as she was about to throw herself from the bank. She will be sent to an asylum.

"BEAUTIFUL WOMEN." See advertisement, page 14.

## LEVELLE'S CRIME.

He Attempts to Kill his Wife and Her  
Uncle—A Heart-Broken Man's Act.

## CHARLESTON'S DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charleston, South Carolina, is deeply excited over a double shooting affray which recently occurred within her limits. The result may prove a double murder, and ere we go to press we may be compelled to record the fact that both the victims of Napoleon Levelle's crime are dead.

Napoleon Levelle, on the early evening of the day referred to, shot his wife and her uncle Benjamin Feldman, at the latter's home, No. 314 King street, Charleston, and the would-be murderer, if not murderer, is now in the clutches of the law.

Levelle was born in London, once lived in New York and served on the Federal side during the war. He was in the Eighth New York Regiment. After the war Belle Tesky, a pretty Charleston girl, and the case. He brought her to this city and lived very happily.

Finally he returned to Charleston, and of his wife's relatives, and their child died. He was a carpenter, and his wife's people rich. His home was in Charleston, he alleged, in consequence of his wife's family's influence operating against him.

He resolved to return to this city and better his condition, and left with his wife's knowledge and consent. He made a desperate effort to succeed, but unfortunately failed. He had to return to Charleston a month ago and made earnest efforts to reconcile the difference—the pair living apart from each other.

His wife promised to write him on the subject. No letter came. Day after day he underwent fearful anguish because he could not hear from her.

He met Mr. Feldman, his wife's uncle, and at whose residence in King street, near George, she was living, and tried to talk over the matter, but Mr. Feldman would only say that he would have nothing to do with it. The last talk he had with Mr. Feldman was a short while ago in Calhoun street, but no favorable results accrued. He felt full of despair; he brooded over his unhappy lot, and it clouded his days. It kept close to him wherever he went and refused to let him sleep.

All the time he "was crazy," and when his brother workmen would endeavor to engage him in conversation he would wave them off and exclaim to them that his troubles were occupying his mind, and naught else. And so his days passed away, darkly and hopelessly.

On the day of the shooting he wrote his wife a note and sent it to her. Subsequently he went to where she was living, rang the bell and she came to the door.

It was about 8 o'clock when Levelle passed through the narrow gateway leading to the door of his uncle's residence and his wife's temporary abiding place. Mr. Feldman is a grocer and his living apartments are over the store. The entrance to the upstairs apartments is at the south side of the store and is reached by seven or eight steps. Levelle ascended the stoop and nervously rang the bell. The female members of the family were above stairs when the bell rang.

The young wife, having no thought of danger, tripped lightly downstairs and opened the front door. She was confronted by her husband. She started to retreat, but her husband grasped her by the arm, and drawing a revolver from his pocket, fired two shots at her. With a shriek she fell to the floor in the half open doorway. She had received what may be a fatal wound. One of the cruel bullets had entered her neck on the left side, and had severed the external carotid artery.

The sound of the pistol shots alarmed the other inmates of the house, and they hurried to the scene. Grocer Feldman was in the store when the shots were fired, and he hurried out of doors to the scene of the firing, of course totally unaware of the assassination. He had scarcely emerged from the store door, when Levelle raised his revolver and pulled the trigger. There was a "bang!" and Mr. Feldman fell to the ground perhaps mortally wounded.

Both of the wounded were afterwards taken upstairs, where they were cared for.

After Levelle had consummated his purpose, he stood as if dazed, with the smoking revolver clenched in his hand, and his bleeding victims lying in front of him. The pistol shots had attracted the attention of passers, and Alderman Dennis O'Neil, who was in the neighborhood, hurried to the scene. He took in the situation at a glance, and grabbed Levelle by the arm.

Levelle said he was willing to be arrested and did not care to run. Policeman Lillenthal ran to the scene and took charge of Levelle, who allowed himself to be quietly conducted to the police station. Upon his arrival at the station he was met by Chief Golden, who had already received by telephone intelligence of the shooting. Chief Golden asked him what was the matter. He replied:

"I have just killed Ben Feldman."

"Why did you shoot him?" asked the Chief.

"It was all about family troubles."

"Do you care to say anything about your troubles?"

"No, sir. I prefer not to say anything about the difficulty for the present."

Levelle was sent to a cell.

Chief Golden immediately left for the scene of the tragedy, but before leaving gave orders that the prisoner be removed to the county jail.

Shortly after his arrest Levelle was a passenger in the "Black Maria" on his way to jail. He was in charge of a squad of police and Detectives Hogan and Miller. On the way to the jail he refused to talk, but muttered such disconnected expressions as, "I loved my wife well enough to die for her," "I always loved her."

In his cell Levelle said that if his wife had given him but one kiss when he asked her for it at the door, he would never have fired the shot. He was evidently a heart-broken man who desired the companionship that was unattainable. Since his wife separated from him he had drunk deeply, and there are those who say that he had done all he could to make "his little woman," as he called her, happy, but that luck had been against him; that relatives had interfered, and that the man had given up all hope of a bright and greatly desired future.

We would call the attention of our readers to the New French Race Game in our advertising columns. No Saloon, Club Room or Fair should be without this game. Will coin money. Sent by express to any address on receipt of \$15.00.

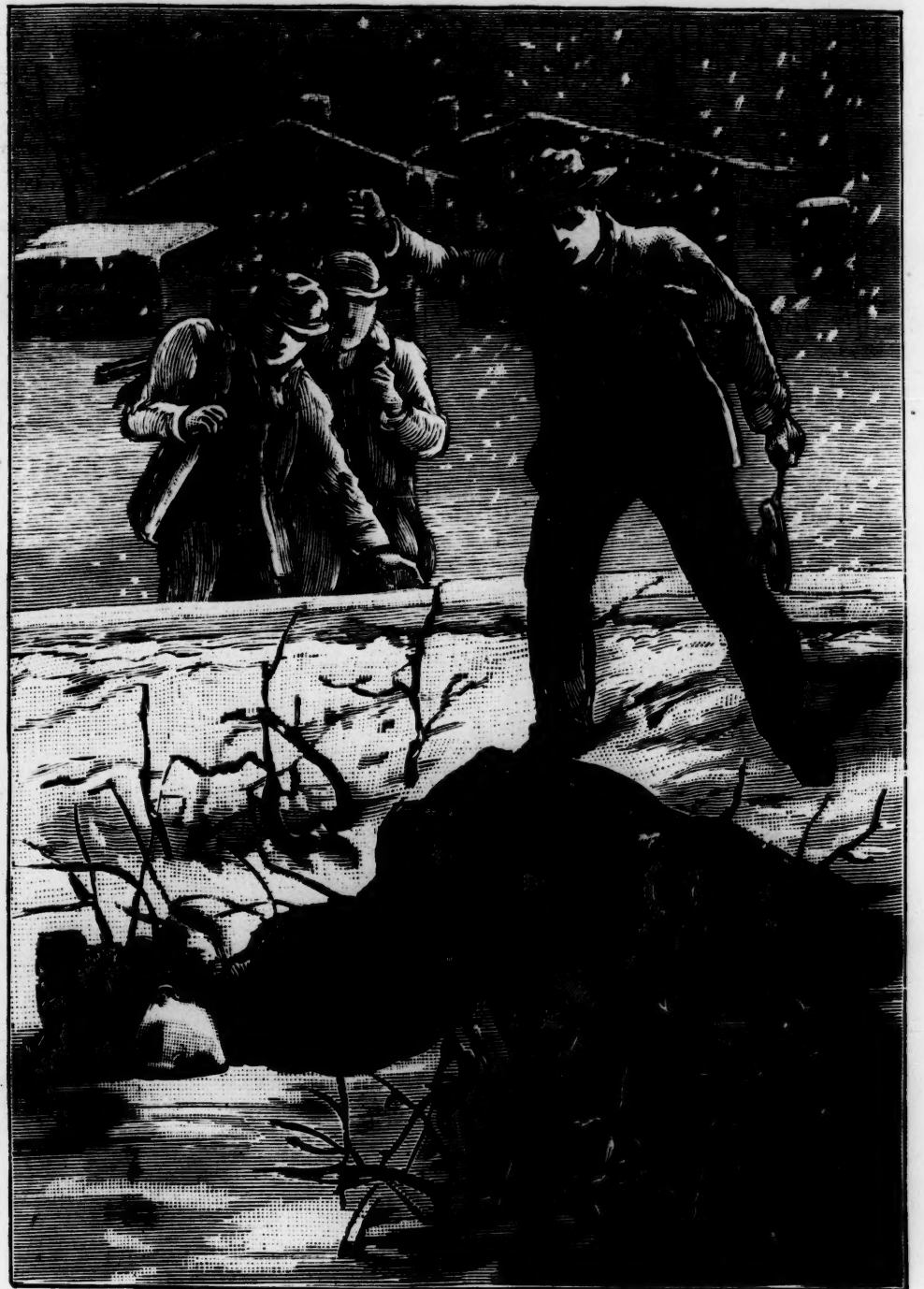
RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.





AT A GRANGERS' FESTIVAL.

A GANG OF TOUGHS INTERRUPT A FARMERS' ALLIANCE ENTERTAINMENT IN LEXINGTON, IND., WITH FATAL RESULTS.



FROZEN IN THE ICE.

THE BODY OF MAGGIE MOORE, OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN., FOUND IN THE MEADOWS IN HOBOKEN, N. J., BY BOY-SKATERS.



HER LOVER A TARGET.

BERTHA JOHNSON, OF SAN DIEGO, CAL., CHARGES WILLIAM WAYNE WITH TRYING TO POISON HER AND SHOOTS HIM IN COURT.





A ONE-SIDED MILL.

S. G. HORWITZ AND W. H. LUCAS, TWO MEMBERS OF BALTIMORE'S 400, HAVE A RUN-IN AND LUCAS IS DOWNED.



SHE ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

HEARTBROKEN AND BETRAYED MISS ANNIE LEHNER ENDEAVORS TO DROWN HERSELF IN THE RAHWAY RIVER, N. J.



## TWO BIG FIGHTS.

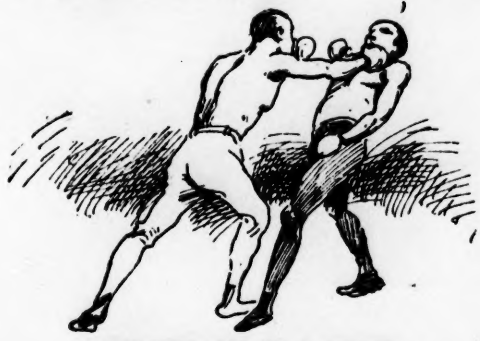
Dempsey Downs McCarthy, and Corbett  
"Does" Kilrain.

## A PAIR OF RATTLING MILLS.

## DEMPSEY DEFEATS M'CARTHY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]  
The big glove fight between Jack Dempsey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the holder of the "Police Gazette" middle weight championship belt, and Billy McCarthy, of Sydney, the middle-weight champion of Australia, was decided at the California Athletic Club, San Francisco, Feb. 19.

The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, with 4-ounce gloves, at 156 pounds, for a purse of \$1,800 and the middle-weight championship of America. About 1,500 spectators



MCCARTHY GOT IN A CORKER.

were present, and conspicuous among the number were Dick Roche, of St. Louis; Lucky Baldwin, the millionaire turfman, Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion; Patsy Hogan, Billy Madden and other prominent representatives of the financial, political and social sporting world. Dempsey, who had been trained by Denny Kelleher, whom the Australian champion recently defeated, was in first-class condition and was a big favorite. The Australian champion was also in first-class fettle, but his friends were afraid that his hand, which he sprained while wrestling recently, would be a drawback. Dempsey weighed 147½ pounds, while McCarthy weighed 151½ pounds. Denny Kelleher, of Boston, and Jack McAuliffe, of New York, seconded Dempsey, while Jimmy Carroll and Paddy Gorman seconded McCarthy. Hiram Cook, of the California Athletic Club, was referee. The gloves which the men were to use had been ripped and considerable padding removed, and when L. R. Folds ascertained this the gloves were fixed in order that the rules of the police department would not be infringed.

After the men stepped into the ring, Jack McAuliffe, the "Police Gazette" champion, who is to fight Jimmy Carroll, was the central figure, and his sturdy shape was greatly admired. Dempsey, when he entered the ring, was greeted with loud cheers, and shouts of, "I'll bet \$100 to \$200 Dempsey will win!" could be heard here and there among the vast assemblage. McCarthy also received a round of cheers, but it was plain that the American had the sympathy of the majority of the crowd, who were eager to see him win. After the usual preliminaries all was ready for the mill.

ROUND 1.—Both men came to the center of the ring quickly. Dempsey led with his left and caught McCarthy lightly on the chin. McCarthy watched closely for an opening and let out several times, but Dempsey dodged. The Australian seemed inclined to force matters, but was able to accomplish nothing.

ROUND 2.—In this round Dempsey caught McCarthy savagely in the face twice and then gave him a terrific right hander on the body. McCarthy attempted to return it, but Dempsey got away. McCarthy landed lightly on Dempsey's neck, and the round closed with several points in the "Nonpareil" favor.

ROUND 3.—McCarthy caught another left hander on the chin, which Dempsey followed up with a good blow on the ribs, and repeated this a moment later. The Australian ducked well and saved himself from a fierce blow aimed at his neck. Just as the round closed he struck Dempsey hard in the wind and received a hot one on the forehead in return.

ROUND 4.—McCarthy opened the ball in this round and followed Dempsey cleverly, but the "Nonpareil" watched his opportunity, and his left soon found the Australian's neck half a dozen times without a return.

ROUND 5.—In the fifth round Dempsey again found McCarthy's body and got a sharp rap on the ear from the latter's right. McCarthy then made a savage rush and struck Dempsey twice on the ear hard.

ROUND 6.—McCarthy was first to the scratch, and he opened with a vicious upper-cut which failed of its mark, and then walked to his corner slowly, followed by Dempsey. The men rested a moment, and then Dempsey repeated his attack on his opponent's body, landing heavily three times. McCarthy seemed a trifle flustered as the round closed amid applause for Dempsey.

ROUND 7.—In this round the Australian showed wonderful quickness in getting away. Dempsey's left hand landed on his jaw several times, and just before the round closed McCarthy returned it with a half-swing right hander which caught Dempsey on the chest.

ROUND 8.—McCarthy led savagely with his right and struck Dempsey heavily on the ear. He tried it a second time, and almost fell to the floor as Dempsey jumped away. Dempsey then planted his right hand in McCarthy's wind, which caused the latter to double over a moment.

ROUND 9.—Dempsey again scored on McCarthy's throat and body, and received a terrific left hander on his stomach. McCarthy gained applause by turning around quickly and catching Dempsey a smart back-handed blow on the nose.

ROUND 10.—Dempsey hammered away for McCarthy's wind. He brought out a very audible grunt from the Australian several times. McCarthy's attacks were wicked, but the Nonpareil was too quick for him until near the end of the round, when McCarthy planted a good left hander just above the stomach.

ROUND 11.—At the commencement of this round both men seemed to be as strong as at the start. Dempsey allowed McCarthy to walk him around the ring several times, and when the latter last expected it he found the Nonpareil's fist against his jaw or body. A terrific right hander from Dempsey on the Australian's throat closed the round.

ROUND 12.—McCarthy repeated his turning blow and again caught Dempsey on the nose. He made several savage lunges, but fell short and received a short arm smash on the chin.

ROUND 13.—Dempsey aimed a wicked blow for McCarthy's neck, but the latter saved himself by a neat duck. An exchange

of short arm blows and several clinches followed. McCarthy tried hard to reach Dempsey's neck, but received a hard right hander on his own jaw and chin.

ROUND 14.—Dempsey landed a swinging left hander on McCarthy's jaw, which he followed with a hard one in the stomach and another in the neck. A second on the stomach doubled the Australian over.

ROUND 15.—Dempsey led twice for McCarthy's neck in this round and reached it lightly both times. McCarthy made a left hand swing at Dempsey's head, but the latter was not there.

ROUND 16.—This round was the liveliest up to that time, and when it closed there was loud cheering for Dempsey. He landed on the Australian's body and jaw about as he pleased. The latter's eyes and cheeks began to show signs of severe punishment, and when the round closed he was evidently very groggy.

ROUND 17.—Dempsey repeated the punishment in this round, and though he staggered McCarthy with the blows he rained on his neck, he was not able to score a knock-down.

ROUND 18.—McCarthy continued to fight stubbornly, but Dempsey by his quick movements saved himself from the blows aimed at his face and body, and was able to pound his antagonist hard before the round closed.

ROUND 19.—Dempsey now gained a decided lead in the fighting and punished the Australian terribly.

ROUND 20.—Sharp fighting: McCarthy the receiver general.

ROUND 21.—Both showed signs of the heavy punishment they had received. Dempsey fought by McCarthy's advice and continued to land terrific blows on McCarthy's face, and had him all but beaten. Dempsey fought like a whirlwind in the twenty-sixth round. He struck McCarthy with both hands alternately on the face and neck, and seemed to have no trouble in hitting him. McCarthy staggered around the ring like a drunken man. Dempsey rained blows on him, but the Australian kept his feet. Dempsey asked him to give up. McCarthy refused, and Dempsey took him by the arm and led him to his corner. The audience cheered.

McCarthy could hardly stand when he came up for the twenty-seventh round. A blow on the face knocked him down. He staggered up. Dempsey hit him again, and he fell. Dempsey again asked him to give up. He set his teeth and said "No." Dempsey knocked him down again. Once more he rose, and once more he was knocked down. He staggered up in time to save a knockout, as the round closed. McCarthy was led to his corner covered with blood, the crowd yelling to him to give it up.

He staggered out again for the twenty-eighth round. Instead of hitting him, Dempsey implored him to give up the fight. Mangled cries of "Knock him out, Jack," and "Give it up, McCarthy," were heard on all sides. The Australian refused to acknowledge himself defeated, and Dempsey beat him into his corner and sent him down in a heap. He rose and leaned against the ropes for support.

Dempsey walked up as if to finish him, but instead he stepped up to the referee and declared he had not the heart to punish the man any further. Paddy Gorman, McCarthy's second, then broke into the ring and dragged his man into his corner, and re-

fused to permit him to stay in the fight any longer. Dempsey was formally declared the winner of the fight.

The fight lasted 1 hour and 50 minutes.

Jack Dempsey's Life, champion middle-weight of the world, published in book form, containing all his battles, with illustrations and portraits, sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

Unusual interest was manifested in the affair and at the pool rooms and at the club and sporting resorts there was brisk speculation on the result. Kilrain being the favorite at 2 to 1.

The Southern Athletic Club had provided two other contests besides the Kilrain and Corbett match. One was between George Benish, of Covington, Ky., who recently killed James, at Dallas, Tex., and Charley Johnson, of New Orleans, and Mike E. Smith, of Cincinnati, and Mike Cleary, of New York. These contests preceded the more important one and did not last long. In the Cleary and Smith battle the New York pugilist surprised the natives by knocking out his muscular opponent in the second round. Smith dropped a right hand cross-counter on the jaw which made him drop as if he was shot. Cleary was loudly cheered for the quick off-hand way in which he put the Cincinnati pugilist to sleep.

The contest between Benish and Johnson lasted 4 rounds, and Benish won easily.

After these contests the ring was cleared and everything was made ready for Corbett and Kilrain to fight. Corbett entered the ring weighing 183 pounds. Kilrain weighed 201 pounds, six pounds less than when he knocked out Vaccaquin.

Kilrain had Muldoon and Cleary behind him, while Corbett was seconded by Tommy Danforth and Mike Smith, while George Scott was bottle-holder. Muldoon introduced the men, and announced that Kilrain weighed 201 pounds. Corbett looked over at his burly rival and said incredulously, "Then you can put me down for 170 pounds."

E. R. Violet, the well-known cotton man and an enthusiastic amateur sparrer, was selected by the Club as referee, and A. M. Hill and R. A. Fox, timers. Then time was called without any more preliminaries and both men sprang lightly forward to the scratch, Corbett smiling as if eager for the fray. Both men sparred for an opening, watching each other's style, for it was the first time they had met.

Corbett carried his left loosely, while his right held guard.

The fight was a lively one until round 6, when Corbett led with his left and found Kilrain's head. The latter responded with a blow in the breast and Corbett countered heavily on the stomach.

Kilrain found Corbett's wind with his left and repeated the blows. Corbett meanwhile paid his attention to the Baltimorean's head and ribs, landing both blows. Kilrain then rushed for the ribs and neck and Corbett found his wind once more.

Kilrain played for Corbett's stomach with his left, but the blow was a little slow and Corbett's left went out hard and straight and caught Kilrain on the nose. It was a hard rap and made the champion wince. Kilrain rushed again and landed his left on the chest and his right on Corbett's neck, clinching again as time was called.

The fight was over and the crowd was all one way. There were shouts of "Corbett! Corbett!" and Corbett was as happy as a schoolboy in his corner. Kilrain came forward and claimed that only five rounds had been fought; but the tally showed six, and Referee Violet announced that, as the fight was to be decided on scientific points and not on strength of blows, he awarded the victory to James J. Corbett, of San Francisco. Corbett received an ovation and was almost carried to his dressing room by his admirers.

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## THE ATHLETIC WORLD.

The Latest Sporting News from All  
Parts of the World.

## PUGILISM AND PUGILISTS.

Billy Walsh, the champion pugilist of New Hampshire, was elected.

The Waterloo Cup was run in England on Feb. 22. Fullerton won, Downpour was the runner up.

Peter McCoy, the well known middle weight, arrived in New York from San Francisco on Feb. 22.

Mrs. McAlpine, the wife of Tom McAlpine, the well-known pugilist, died in New York City on Feb. 8.

The annual meeting of the League of American Wheelmen will be held at Niagara Falls on July 22 and 23.

Alf Halsey defeated Jack Sweeney in 12 rounds. Queensberry rules, for a purse, at Chelsea, London, Eng., on Feb. 2.

At the Kensington Athletic Club, Philadelphia, on Feb. 15, Mike Murphy and Matt Brennan fought six rounds, which ended in a draw.

At Red Bank, N. J., on Feb. 21, Edward M. Conner won first money in the Riverside Gun Club shoot, John Cooper second and Albert Ivins third.

At the annual meeting of the League of American Wheelmen, in New York, on February 17, James R. Dunn, of Massillon, Ohio, was elected president.

Chas. Rogers, of Brooklyn, E. D., intends to arrange a match with Martin Dempsey, to wrestle for \$250 a side, collar and elbow, "Police Gazette" rules.

Teams representing the Tremont Club, of Flatbush, L. I., and the Sportsman's Club, of Brooklyn, shot a match at Parkville, L. I., on Feb. 17. The Sportsman's Club won by a score of 25 to 13.

Jack Kenney, of the Williamsburg Athletic Club, defeated William Wall, of the Gates Athletic Club, in four rounds, at Brooklyn, E. D., on Feb. 21. It was a rattling contest from start to finish.

At Havana, February 18, the Gunsberg and Tschingovin chess match, at the request of the Havana Chess Club was declared drawn. Each of the players had won nine games and played five draw games.

Sailor Brown recently went up to New London, Conn., on a pleasure trip, so he claimed, but it was the general impression he went to arrange a match with Upham. Brown made a host of friends in New London.

Henry Butler, a member of the English Stock Exchange, backed himself to walk 20 miles in 4 hours, on Feb. 4, at Reigate, England. Butler accomplished the distance over the turnpike in 3 hours 55 minutes 13 seconds.

Pete Conroy and Billy Dosier fought at Bergen Point, N. J., on Feb. 22, for a purse. Both are bantams. Dosier won after 13 hard fought rounds, knocking his opponent out. Conroy weighed 110 pounds. Dosier 112 pounds.

The six-day go-as-you-please race, 144 hours, at Detroit, Mich., Feb. 24 to March 1, promises to be a grand race. Frank Hart, George Cartright, George Conners, Dan L. Herty, Peter Golden, Sam Davis and other noted pedestrians were announced to start.

The wrestling match between Hugh Leonard and James Faulkner at Buffalo, N. Y., on Feb. 21, was won by Faulkner. Leonard won the first bout easily in 12½ minutes. The second bout resulted in favor of Faulkner by a fair fall—time, 19½ minutes. Faulkner won the final fall in 23½ minutes.

Jack Fallon, the Strong Boy of Brooklyn, will be tendered a benefit at the Palace Rink, Brooklyn, E. D., on the evening of March 4. He will box 4 rounds with Jack Ashton, 3 rounds with Peter Jackson, and the latter will attempt to stop Prof. Dummelly in 4 rounds. Other attractions will be offered.

A pool tournament for the championship of America began at Syracuse, N. Y., on Feb. 17. Among the players are D'Oro the Cuban, Stuart of Michigan, Powers of Chicago, Dunning of St. Louis, Bessemer of Rochester, Claess and Cleaverwater of Ohio, Manning of New York, and Kuntuch of Syracuse.

The championship banner offered by the Athletic Club of Boston, to the athletic club making the most points, was won by the Harvard College representatives. Harvard College scored 36 points, Pastime Athletic Club 15, New Jersey 15, Boston 11, Trinitant 1, Titan 5, Amherst 3, Varuna 3, New York 2, Berkeley 1, Manhattan 1.

A dog running race, "Police Gazette" rules, was decided at Harrison, N. J., on Feb. 22. Twenty-seven speedy canines started and nine heats were contested. The distance was 200 yards handicap. J. Corby's Nellie Bly (32 yards), won in 10½ seconds, with W. Yates' Polly (7 yards) second, and Alf Jewett's Jersey Boy (7 yards) third.

The following special cable was received at this office:

LONDON, Feb. 20, 1890.

In the international figure skating contest for the championship of the world at St. Petersburg 10-day, Louis Rubenstein, the American champion, won. His skating electrified the crowds and was pronounced wonderful. Le Vedean, of Russia, won second, and Dinstel won third prize.

The New York "Daily News," Feb. 22, published the following: "Tom Dolan, the well-known trainer and driver, has issued a challenge, offering to match Sir Mohawk and Nellie Sontag, Richard K. Fox's team, against any team that he brother and sister, mile heats and repeat, to wagon or harness for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side." Richard K. Fox's double-team are the handsomest and speediest in America, and have trotted one mile at Fleetwood Park, N. Y., in 2:26½.

The following special was received at this office recently:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Feb. 22, 1890.

William Johnson and Mark Gregory, of this city, have forwarded a challenge to back Johnny Smith, the colored bantam champion of Indiana, to fight any 105-pound pugilist in America, black or white, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. Smith recently knocked out Billy Shine in a glove contest here for \$500, in 18 minutes.

A 72-hour race, of 12 hours a day, ended at Lebanon, Pa., on Feb. 15. The score was as follows: Abe Nolan, of Lancaster, Pa., 381 miles; Kauffman, 381 miles; Ed O'Brien of Philadelphia, 342 miles; Dummel, of Baltimore, 247 miles; Gilbert, of Lebanon, Pa., 237 miles; Sweater Ryan, of Lancaster Pa., 200 miles. The winner gets \$100, second man \$75, third man \$50. There was also a mile race for \$10 the last night between the pedestrians, which O'Brien, of Philadelphia, won. J. B. Reushaw, of Lebanon, was manager of the race.

Richard K. Fox's handbooks and rules are acknowledged to be standard publications. Every athlete refers to them for what he wants to know. Revised editions are just issued and are in every way equal to previous ones. "The Art of Wrestling" is invaluable to the knight of the carpet, and "Boxing" is unquestionably the finest book on the subject extant. Its chapters on "How to Train" are most useful. "The Dog Pit" and "The Cocker's Guide" are well informed treatises. Every athlete should get the "Police Gazette Book of Rules," Buffalo Sunday News.

Tom Gill, the well-known sporting man of this city, who has just returned from England, called at the office of this paper recently. He stated he had sent to England for Bill Baxter, the champion 115 pound pugilist, to come at once to New York. Upon Baxter's arrival, Gill will match him to fight George Dixon, the colored feather weight champion, or Cal McCarthy, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side, the new "Police Gazette" champion

feather-weight belt, and the championship of the world. Baxter recently defeated Martin Crowther, the Welsh champion, at 116 pounds, for £200 and the feather-weight championship.

The sport-loving fraternity of Troy will have an opportunity on the evening of Tuesday, March 5, of stazing up the wonderful pugilist, Peter Jackson. On that date he will appear at the Bicycle Rink, in the city named, in conjunction with Farnon Davies' athletic combination. Jackson visits Troy by special invitation of the influential sports of that section, and there is little doubt but that his wonderful prowess as a boxer will impress the Trojan sports. He will have with him Jack Ashton, the Providence heavy-weight, and will be prepared to box four rounds with any local pugilist who may come forward. The Davies combination at Troy will be a strong one, and will comprise many boxers, wrestlers and athletes of note. On the following evening the combination expects to show in Albany, and afterward in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago.

A tremendous crowd of sporting men assembled at this office recently to witness a boxing match arranged between Pat Farley and Paddy Smith, the well-known light-weights of Brooklyn, N. Y. Leonard (Liney) Tracey, Paddy Smith's backer, had posted \$100 and agreed to match Smith to meet Farley at 125 pounds, give or take two pounds. Alec Brown, the well-known sporting man and politician, had accepted the challenge conditionally, agreeing to match Farley against Paddy Smith at 125 pounds, and weigh one hour from entering the ring. At the meeting both boxers were ready to arrange a match, but Smith refused to fight unless Farley would agree to meet at 127 pounds. This proposition would not suit Farley and no match was arranged. Alec Brown, however, decided to match Pat Farley against any 125 pound man in Brooklyn, according to "Police Gazette" rules, the men to weigh one hour before entering the ring for \$500 a side, and it is reported that Jack Quinn, the Scotch champion, will accept the challenge.

On Feb. 24 A. B. Sult, the well-known backer of game fowls and pugilists, of Sultland, Maryland, came on to this city to find a 133 pound pugilist to match against Jack Fielding, the light weight champion of the District of Columbia, for \$1,000 a side. He called at this office and Jack Quinn, the Scotch champion, and Mike Cushing were notified. After a short delay Quinn accompanied by Jack Adler and Mike Cushing arrived. Both pugilists gave Sult full authority to match them against Fielding for \$1,000 a side, "Police Gazette" rules, and the Maryland sport left for home to arrange a match. Mr. Sult states that he is prepared to arrange a cocking main with Mr. Carney upon the following conditions: To show 13, 17 or 21 cocks at weight ranging from 4 pounds 4 ounces to 6 pounds to fight with long heels for \$50 a side each battle, and \$1,000 the odd fight, and give or take expenses to fight in New Jersey, New York or Baltimore. Or he will fight a main of cocks against any breeder in America except Carney, to show 17 or 21 cocks with any heels, Maryland or Philadelphia rules, for \$50 each battle, \$500 a side the odd fight. Carney recently beat Sult's fowls in a big main, winning seven battles to Sult's three, and the latter is to meet Carney in a return main in May.

A SHIN-KICKING SEANCE.

Two Roger's Ford, Pa., Athletes, Indulge in a Highly Exciting Purring Match.

[SPECIAL TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

PHOENIXVILLE, Pa. Feb. 22.

For months past it has been hinted in and about Phoenixville, Pa., that there was a big bit of sport on the tapis, and that ere long the members of the fancy would hear of something that would make them plunk down their dollars with a rush that would cause them to pawn their boots and encourage the doorkeeper's hair to do the fretful porcupine act.

The news got around town that a big prize fight was going to be contested, and everybody wanted to know who were to be the contestants and where the place was going to take place. Then it was rumored that two New York dogs were going to be pitted against each other, and that the fight was to be located near here. Then somebody said that a cock fight was the bona

side, straight thing; and that Philadelphia and Long Island birds were going to fill the Phoenixville glowing check fall of pillow interferences.

The knowing ones, however, who had the straight tip, knew that the cause of all the winks, nods and speculation, was an anticipated purring match, or shin-kicking seance.

It came off at Roger's Ford, and was between two Hungarians, Caspard Cascoyne and John Raulthik, who were induced by a purse of \$100, hung up by some local sports, to kick each other's shins until one of them gave up the contest. The match was in a deserted foundry. About 5 o'clock the men appeared in a ring made by some fifty spectators. They wore knee breeches and heavy iron tipped shoes. Their shins were bare, too little below the knee. At a signal from the referee, the men began kicking at each other's shins as hard as they knew how.

The play was at times scientific. Caspard would parry John's attacks and cleverly counter, while John depended mostly on his jumping out of reach. It was an exciting sight. The shins of the men were soon torn, cut and bloody, with patches of skin hanging from them.

After 11 minutes of this sort of thing John showed signs of weakening, and a minute later dropped to his knees. He remained there as a sign that he had had enough, and the match and the \$100 were given to Cascoyne. The passing of a hat realized \$17 for the loser.



## A CHAT ABOUT KILRAIN

And a Few Remarks Regarding J. J. Corbett, who Defeated Him.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN FETED.

If Jake Kilrain intends to keep in the prize ring business he should give up fighting glove contests in which the number of rounds are limited.

In my opinion the Queensberry rules are a humbug as far as deciding battles between professional pugilists are concerned—that is, when there is a limit put on the number of rounds that are to be fought.

Pugilists who contract to fight only a certain number of rounds are simply agreeing to fight a drawn battle, or attempting to win in a stipulated time. In the majority of the glove contests 10 rounds are the limit, and 10 rounds mean 40 minutes' fighting, less 1 minute, including rests; but 4 and 6 round contests never give either the public or the pugilists satisfaction, unless one of the parties is a champion and the other only a fourth-rater. Even then, no matter whether the champion is in the best condition or not, he must work hard to win, even if his opponent is in the fourth class, for it is quite a task for any pugilist to win in 4 or 6 rounds, no matter how great a pugilist he may be.

One-half the referees who act as "deciders" in Queensberry rule glove fights do not know the rules, and when the 4, 6 or 8 rounds are fought and neither of the contestants conquered, they either give a decision in favor of the one who has done the most bustling, and not the greatest amount of leading and clean hitting, or declare the contest a draw. If they knew the revised Queensberry rules, instead of giving decisions when there was a doubt in their mind they could order the contestants to continue, and the battle would thus be prolonged and a result fairly arrived at.

I have often said that pugilists were foolish to contest when the number of rounds are limited. The California Athletic Club did away with the limit, and the result is that the majority of the contests are decided without any dissatisfaction.

The glove fights recently promoted by the popular Southern Athletic Club have been 6-round affairs. In Kilrain's contest with Vacquelin, for instance, the ex champion foolishly undertook to knock out the big blacksmith in a limited number of rounds. He accomplished the task, but if he had failed he would have lost prestige.

If the number of rounds had not been limited he would have had a better chance to win, for stamina, as well as courage and hard hitting, would have been necessary if Vacquelin had proved himself a first-class boxer.

If Kilrain had refused to box James J. Corbett, the San Francisco pugilist, a limited number of rounds at New Orleans on Feb. 17, he might not have met with defeat, because the contest would have had to be continued until Kilrain was conquered or he defeated Corbett. Instead, he foolishly agreed to box Corbett, who has proved himself to be a first-class heavy-weight, 6 rounds, or attempt to whip him in 25 minutes, a task which would be difficult for any pugilist to succeed in. Kilrain made the match with his eyes shut, and the result was that he got a big set-back.

If Kilrain had refused to meet Corbett unless there was to be no limit to the number of rounds (or "Police Gazette" rules were to govern), the result might have been different. Anyway, the contest would have had to be continued after the six rounds had been fought, and Kilrain would not have been defeated.

Pugilists who arrange matches and want to win, should insist on "Police Gazette" rules governing their contests. They are the same as Queensberry, except that the referee is given a bigger latitude and can order round after round, until one of the contestants is conquered.

J. J. Corbett, Kilrain's opponent, was born in 1866, stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs 175 pounds. He was formerly a clerk in a Nevada bank, and was famous as an amateur boxer. He has figured in thirty battles. He fought a draw with Jack Burke, "the Irish Lad," beat Mike Brennan in four rounds, John Donaldson, Prof. Miller, Captain Daly and Frank Glover.

Corbett's last fight was the one that gained him his greatest reputation. It was with Joe Choynsky, who is a good man, last June. Corbett had fought him to a finish four times previously and won each time. This last time, after fighting five rounds, he broke his right hand, and the sheriff stepped in and stopped further proceedings. The referee postponed the fight for six days. At the end of this time the men met again, Corbett fighting with his left hand only. After three rounds he broke that, and then fought twenty-four rounds with both hands broken and whipped his man. Choynsky had lost his gloves—they were fighting on a barge—so Corbett allowed him to use skin gloves while he used two ounce gloves. Corbett was punished considerably about the face, but his game fight won him a fine reputation, and he is regarded as a great man.

Jem Smith, in spite of the fact that Frank Slavin, the Australian pugilist, smothered him at Bruges, when they fought and Abington's engaged mob would not allow him to win, is still eager to again ratify a match with Slavin or any pugilist in England.

Smith, accompanied by Charley White ("the Duke's Man"), Jack Baldoock and Jack Harper, called recently at the Sporting Life office, plunked a forfeit of £200 and issued a challenge to fight any man in British Provinces, according to London prize ring rules, for £200 or £500 a side and the championship of England. Smith did not bid Slavin in his deft, but explicitly stated that any one desirous of making a match could do so.

I cannot see what Smith is fishing for, unless it is notoriety. There cannot be a sporting man in England who thinks, conscientiously, that Smith possesses the necessary qualifications to back up the title he assumes to hold—the championship of England.

Peter Jackson clearly exploded Smith's alleged claim of being a champion with the muffers in less time than any champion who preceded him was ever conquered with gloves.

After Jackson had squelched Jim Smith's assumed claim to the title, Frank P. Slavin, according to rules which govern all championship encounters in the prize ring, clearly demonstrated that Smith was usurping a title which he did not possess the ability to defend, and instead of permitting himself to be fairly beaten, which would have, in a measure, been no disgrace, he allowed his friends to assault his opponent and use violence and divers means and devices to prevent his winning.

The sporting men of Great Britain, the class who believe in fair play and bet their money to either win or lose, place no more faith in Smith or his prize ring abilities, and even should he be matched, they will take little interest either in the alleged English champion or his matches.

Slavin should not pay any attention to Smith's deft, for even should he do so and agree to arrange a match, he would not be allowed to win. If Slavin is eager to meet Smith, let him have America as the battle ground, and then he can rest as satisfied of receiving fair play.

What surprises me is that Charley Mitchell allowed Smith to pose as a champion when it is almost dollars to doughnuts that Mitchell, with or without gloves, can conquer Eng. Smith's present champion.

Peter Jackson, the champion of Australia and the Pacific slope, as his manager, Chas. E. Davis, of Chicago, de-

lights to call him, still continues to attract large crowds. Ashton, the well-known Providence pugilist, has got down Peter's great left-hand lead to a nicely and now, instead of putting his brain-box in front of the powerful colored champion's tremendous bunch of fives he ducks the lead and now and again counters cleverly on Jackson's jaw bone.

I recently journeyed to the clam catcher State on purpose to witness John L. Sullivan, the champion, and his pet, Joe Lannon, who also represents the Bean City, put up their mawleys and hit and stop.

Prior to the encounter I had a long talk with Sullivan, who was being royally entertained by many prominent citizens of the greatest little sporting town in the United States—Hoboken. I say this because neither glove contests nor any other sporting event is stopped or prevented there. Sullivan appeared to be enjoying the best of health, and he did not boast of what he had done or what he intended to do.

The set-to between Sullivan and Lannon later, was a treat to those who admire the big "uns of the prize ring hit, stop or counter. Lannon cannot do the brother act like many boxers, and now and again he let the left go with telling effect, but Sullivan, who is one of the cleverest big men ever seen in a prize ring since Ned O'Balwin's time, was always on guard, and the countering and stopping was par excellence.

The proposed meeting between Sullivan and Jackson is in statu quo, owing to the fact that the California Athletic Club, being eager to have a contest between the heavy-weights, decline to await the result of Sullivan's Mississippi trouble.

The Directors of the club have made overtures to Slavin to meet Jackson, but whether the great Australian will accept is at present an open question, for he recently ratified a match with Miss Edith Slater, which may occupy more of his time.

Should Slavin not embrace the offer of the California Athletic Club, L. R. Fuda and the directors should at once offer a purse of \$10,000 for Peter Jackson and Jake Kilrain to contend for, as a battle between Jackson and Kilrain would create as much excitement as if Slavin was to meet Jackson, and it would be a great contest.

A large delegation of amateur athletes recently left New York to win the majority of the events in the Boston Athletic carnival. The majority possessed the speed, etc., to win, but they carried too much over confidence and conceit in their satchels, and instead of winning several of the events, they captured two only to the disgust of their followers.

If the athletic clubs of New Orleans continue to give purses for glove contests, the California Athletic Club will have to look to their laurels. I understand that the Southern Athletic Club intends to try and induce Joe McCalliffe, the Frisco Giant, to meet Jake Kilrain.

### REFeree.

### TOPICAL TURF TALK.

Recently at Matamoras, N. J., Matt Peakes, the well-known jockey and trainer, was married to Miss Jennie Hayward, daughter of Billy Hayward, the famous jockey.

Marty Bergen, the famous jockey, made his appearance at the Guttenberg race track, N. J., on Feb. 18, and rode Little Barfoot home to victory. It was Bergen's first mount since he returned from the Hot Springs.

James Thompson, the prominent turfman, was found dead in a culvert on the New York and Northern Railroad on Feb. 18. He leaves a young daughter. His estate is said to be worth \$70,000. He owned race horses, and his horse Nicajack, in 1875, paid \$1,175 for \$5, the largest amount ever won with a mutual ticket.

The Dwyer Brothers have decided to scratch Kingston in all the big handicaps except the Brooklyn, and he will probably start in that race. Kingston was a phenomenon during 1889, and he won every race he started in but one, and then his stable companion was allowed to win. Kingston has been anchored with weight in several of the handicaps, and he might be able to carry the weight and win, but he is by far too valuable a horse to run the risk of breaking down, merely to win a few handicaps, when there are many that he will give a gift to win.

At Morgan City, Kansas, on Feb. 17, Fred French, one of the French Brothers, well-known turfmen, shot and killed Frank Morgan. French's horse won a race, and the judge reserved his decision. The French Brothers demanded the stakes, and Morgan, who was the stakeholder refused to give them up. The French boys and Morgan pulled their 45-calibre revolvers and commenced firing. Morgan received a bullet in the head that proved fatal. But after he fell he had life enough to fire two shots at his enemies. The French boys mounted their horses and escaped.

The followers of the turf, and the million that daily speculate on the races in all parts of the country, are beginning to look up the probable best race-horses that will make the book-makers shell out this season. It is just a "foetie" prevous to prognosticate on how good Salvo will be, or how fast El Rio Rey will run, or whether Proctor Knott will eclipse his 1888 performances. Withers has a clinker to carry the all black, and Pierre Lotillard has a nestful of flyers that will win many races. In a month's time, the favorites for the Kentucky Derby, the Brooklyn Handicap and the Suburban, will be backed by turf speculators in all parts of the country, and the readers of these columns from time to time may pick up a wrinkle or two, as the turf campaign approaches, on what is termed horse-sense.

### JOHN L. AND THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

John L. Sullivan has always had many good traits, and one is the champion's charitable disposition. At James Cusick's well-known sporting house on Feb. 17, in this city, Sullivan was accosted by one of the many sisters of charity seeking alms. The good-natured pugilist pulled out a big roll of bills, and intending to give the sister a \$5 note, handed her a \$50 note, when one of Sullivan's friends remarked: "That is a fifty, John!" The champion looked at the bill the sister was holding in her hand and said: "Well it is a \$50 note, but she is welcome to it."

Sullivan then turned to the sister of charity and said: "Madame, I gave you \$50 by mistake instead of \$5, but keep it. You will put it to good use, I'm certain." The sister left, wondering who the donor was, and when informed that it was John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, she was amazed. Sullivan's act of charity was only one in a hundred which he has performed during his lifetime.

The following special was received at this office immediately after the Kilrain-Corbett match.

Kilrain's defeat by Jem Corbett, the boxing instructor of the Olympic Athletic Club, San Francisco, at the Southern Athletic Club, created quite a surprise in sporting circles here. Kilrain's admirers lost heavily, and they are busy figuring up their losses. Kilrain will not contend against any pugilist unless "Police Gazette" rules govern, so that the contest be ended by a knock out. Muldoon claims that Kilrain was suffering from the grip and was in no condition to meet a boxing competition, much less a glove fight with a giant like the California pugilist. Corbett attributes his success partially to the way Kilrain fought and his offensive and defensive tactics. Donovan and Kilrain had a falling out while the former was here. Donovan was Kilrain's second when he fought John L. Sullivan, and claims that he has been shabbily treated by Kilrain since that great battle. Kilrain will challenge Corbett to meet him again, and the Southern Athletic Club will probably offer a purse for a finish contest between the giants of the ring. Burt Galswinow will \$1,500 on Corbett. Marsh Redon, Pat Duffy, Bud Remond, Jim O'Neill and others lost heavily in sums varying from \$500 to \$2,000 on Kilrain.

JACK DEMPSEY'S LIFE, Champion Middle-weight of the World, published in book form, containing all his battles, with illustrations and portraits, sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## KNOWLEDGE ON TAP.

### OUR PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.

Owing to the numerous orders we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

### SUPPLY AND PURCHASING AGENCY.

The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest prices. Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address: PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

T. W. C., Rahway, N. J.—No. 1. A must play a trump. M. T., Rahway, N. J.—A must play a trump.

RAFFLE, Brooklyn, N. Y.—J and B must throw off the tie. J. F., Long Island City, N. Y.—The man is out of the game. Nemo, N. Y. City—John L. Sullivan is older than Jake Kilrain.

F. A. R., Marshall, Mich.—No. 1. He was born in England.

H. H. P., Cilmex, Mich.—Certainly it was a knock down if it occurred.

M. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—George Cooper was born in 1801 and died in 1834.

ANSWER.—Send 50 cents to this office for a copy of "The Watchmaker."

M. J. H., Waverley, N. J.—No. 1. Aaron Jones died in February, 1869.

J. C. E., Carlisle, N. M.—Send 50 cents for "The Police Gazette Card Player."

PATRONIZER, Butte, Mont.—1. Nothing artificial is used. 2. Yes instantaneous.

Res. Harrisburg, Pa.—1. We have not got the address of Herbert A. Slade. 2. Yes.

H. S. W., San Francisco.—No. 1. Jacob Schaeffer comes from Leavenworth. 2. No.

J. C. H., Chicago, Ill.—Charley Mitchell was born in Birmingham, Eng., of Irish parents.

W. L., Minneapolis, Minn.—We have not got the address of Al Pearce, the colored pugilist.

T. J. S., Boston, Mass.—Louis Beseniah, or Benziah, is a Frenchman, and lives at Covington, Ky.

S. W., Hartford, Conn.—You never read it in the POLICE GAZETTE. Mike McCoolie defeated Aaron Jones.

P. D., East Randolph, N. Y.—Paddy Ryan never fought Peter Jackson. You probably mean Joe McCulliffe.

Horseshoe, England.—Remit postage money order to the parties direct with whom you wish to do business.

E. P., Unionville, Conn.—We do not back athletes. If you desire a match put up a forfeit and issue a challenge.

H. W. H., New Britain, Conn.—Ben Caut, the English pugilist, died in 1861. He fought nine battles in the ring, winning five.

G. F., St. Paul, Minn.—1. Made to order, \$5. 2. Send your shoulder and waist measurements to this office if you want them.

D. J. L., Franklin Co., W. T.—We never published a complete record of Jem Felt, and it would take a week to compile it carefully and correctly.

R. L., Keyport, N. J.—1. Peter Jackson boxed at Hoboken, N. J., on Feb. 10 and 11, 1890, with Jack Ashton. 2. He also boxed in Hoboken in 1889.

M. T., Egypt, Ill.—You can be supplied with anything in the sporting goods line from a pedestrian's needle to a lifting machine. Send for catalogue.

AN ARGUMENT, Chicago, Ill.—"The Life and Battles of Jack Dempsey" is published by the POLICE GAZETTE. Send 50 cents and we will mail you the book.

J. W., Holyoke, Mass.—Frank McHugh was born at Lynn, Mass., on Sept. 8, 1869. He stands 5 feet 2½ inches in height and his fighting weight is 115 pounds.

O. R. L. M., Leicester, Mass.—Maud S. trotted one mile in 2:08½, against time, in harness (accompanied the distance by running mate), at Glenville, Ohio, July 30, 1885.

A READER, Little Falls, N. J.—In the boxing match between Charley Mitchell and Dominic McCaffrey, in Madison Square Garden, the referee declared McCaffrey the winner.

T. W. & S. B., Guttenberg, N. J.—1. Foxhall never won the English Derby, neither did Parola. "A" loses. 2. The only American horse that ever won the English Derby is Iroquois.

F. J. F., Oxford, Idaho.—Send to Smith, Almslie & Co., 25 Newcastle street, London, for an English racing guide of 1891. We have no record of Abana's performances on the English turf.

J. C. H., Elkton, Dak.—1. Sullivan and Mitchell fought 30 rounds, ending in a draw, March 10, 1888, near Chantilly, France. 2. 75 rounds with Jake Kilrain, July 8, 1890, at Richmond, Miss. 3. No.

S. A., New York City.—Goss defeated Geo. Rooke. Badger Outchley and Eile, fought a draw with Rile, beat Price, beaten by Jem Mace, beat Baker, draw with Mace, beaten by Mace, draw with Tom Allen, beat Tom Allen, beaten by Ryan.

TALLY HO, New York Athletic Club, New York City.—If Cal. McCarthy fails to accept the challenge of George Dixon, the colored pugilist, he forfeits his title to the feather-weight 115-pound championship, according to the rules governing the title.

M. S., New York City.—Tom Allen fought Wagner B. Gould, Posh Price, Bingo Rose, Bob Smith, Jack Parkinson, Jles, Joe Goss, Bill Davis, in England. In America, Bill Davis, Chas. Gallagher, Mike McCoolie, Jem Mace, Joe Goss, Ben Hogan, Jim Gallagher.

ARCADIE, Rhineland, Wis.—The fastest time on record for pacing 1 mile with running mate, is 2:01½, by Westmount, at Chicago, July 10, 1884. The fastest time on record for pacing 1 mile is 2:06½, by Johnston, in harness, against time, at Chicago, Ill., on Oct. 3, 1888.

QARSMAN, Salem, Mass.—The design of the Richard K. Fox single-scutt trophy, representing the championship of the New England Amateur Rowing Association, will be published in the POLICE GAZETTE when completed. It will be costly and unique and well worth competing for.

A. W., Little Silver, N. J.—Mike Lynch, the feather-weight jockey, was born in New York, in 1873. He joined William H. Timmins' racing stable in 1887. He rode his first winning mount on Lemon, at Brighton Beach. He will ride for Timmins during 1890, and he is very popular.

A. W. B., New York City.—P. M. McDermott, the famous jockey, was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1872. He joined C. Kelly & Co.'s stable in 1885. His first winning mount was on Hot Scotch, a 50 to 1 shot. He is famous for riding long shots. He will ride for the New York stable next year.

MIKE HEALY, Norfolk, Va.—The distances between streets north of Houston street are, shortest block 191 feet, longest block 211. The distances between the avenues from 420 feet to 920 feet; the majority of blocks are 640 and 800 feet in length. 2. The Grand Central Depot has the longest street front on Vanderbilt avenue.

O. B., Louisville, Col.—Jim Collins, better known as Tug Wilson, was matched to fight Jimmy Elliott for \$1,000 a side. A forfeit of \$500 a side was held by Wm. F. McCoy, who had been chosen final stakeholder. On Wilson running away to England, Elliott claimed forfeit and the matter was compromised and Elliott received \$300 to defray his traveling expenses.

T. J. S., Middletown, N. Y.—Yes, \$1,000 to \$250 was bet that Dr. Knapp would "kill" a certain bird in his match with Macalister on Feb. 12, at Babylon, L. I. He hit the bird with his second, after missing with the first, and the bird fell within bounds, but in the "gathering" raised and flew out of bounds, and the party who put up the \$250 against the \$1,000, won.

M. W., Louisville, and S. J., Cincinnati.—It is too soon to make selection on the probable winner of the Kentucky Derby. Fifty-nine of the horses entered in the Kentucky Derby started as two-year-olds. In our opinion the performance of Fallacis, Prince Fonso and Avondale are the best. Fallacis ran in 21 races, won 5, in 5 ran second and was third 4 times; Avondale won 5, ran second 4 times and was third 5 times; Prince Fonso started in 8 races, won 4, ran second twice and was unplaced twice.

H. J., Scranton, Pa.—When articles of agreement are signed by parties of the first and second part to walk, run, shoot, fight, etc., at a certain time and the contracting parties put up their

money and agree upon a stakeholder, the contract must be carried out. If D. was taken sick and C. R. refused to postpone the match and claimed forfeit he is entitled to do so, and if C. R. had been taken sick D had the same privilege. There is no clause for accidents or sickness in ratifying matches. According to the articles of agreement D. must forfeit if C. R. insists.

J. W. S., Philadelphia.—Joe Tansey, of St. Louis, is a native of Boyle, Roscommon, Ireland. He weighs 150 pounds, measures 5 feet 10 inches, and is thirty years old. He beat Jack Kelly of New York, in 35 rounds; George Robinson of Boston, Mass., in 7 rounds; Phil. Doyle of Memphis, Tenn., in 6 rounds, and bested Jack Wats, the Decatur cyclone, at Decatur, Ala.; Jack Smith, Birmingham, Ala.; Jack Fildering, middle-weight champion of Kansas, and Charlie Drew of St. Louis. A Burke, of St. Louis, in 5 rounds, and Jack Palsy of the same city, in 4 rounds. He won a fight with Nikirk, a champion middle-weight, at St. Louis, in 28 rounds. On Jan. 26, 1890, he defeated Harry Lannon of New Orleans, in 4 rounds, knocking his opponent out.

M. W. A., Thompson St., N. Y. City.—Albert Walker, the famous colored heavy-weight, better known in prize ring circles as "Big Six," stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs 300 pounds. He was born in Columbia County, Tenn. His father was a slave. Walker has figured in twenty-seven glove fights, the most important being his defeat of Rube Nance, a colored pugilist, weighing 300 pounds. Big Six knocked Nance out in 5 rounds, with big gloves; he then knocked out Good Sampson who weighed 225 pounds, in four rounds; he defeated Philip Shorter, who weighed 220 pounds in four rounds with comparative ease. Big Six's greatest victory was his defeat of Mervine Thompson the Cleveland Thunderbolt, whom he knocked out in two rounds, lasting 4 minutes. Sporting men in Birmingham, Ala., think he is the coming colored prize ring champion.

M. W. C., Providence, R. I.—Dick Moore, of St. Paul, Minn., pugilist, was born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1871. Moore came into notice as a pugilist by winning the light weight championship at Minneapolis, defeating J. O'Brien, of St. Paul, in 5 rounds; Charley Osborn in two rounds and Paddy Dunn in 3 rounds. He then beat Paddy Dunn in 1 round; fought a draw with Tom Murray; defeated Tom Murray in 10 rounds, 35 minutes, fought a draw with Tom Murray in 15 rounds; fought a draw with John Moohan, of Bangor, defeated Prof. Peasley of the Athletic Club of Minneapolis, Minn., in 3 rounds. He beat Patsy Riley in 2 rounds, 5 minutes 30 seconds. Moore then fought the Black Pearl, the colored pugilist, for a purse and the middle-weight championship of the Northwest, Feb. 2, 1890, at Minneapolis, Minn., and won in seven rounds, lasting 30 minutes, 30 seconds. Moore weighed 145 pounds, and the Black Pearl 144 pounds.

## THE PRIZE RING.

Fights Fought and Mills to be Milled—Interesting Pugilistic Gossip.

Joe Early has announced that he will back no more pugilists.

Danny O'Brien, the champion amateur bantam, is to turn professional.

Jim Harley knocked out Joe Hughes with gloves in New York city on Feb. 17, in 37 rounds.

Tom Wheeler beat Jem Bond in 6 rounds, 25 minutes, according to Queensberry rules, London, Eng., Feb. 2.

Eugene Hornbacher and Tommy Gillen are matched to battle for a \$500 purse the second week in March, at 118 pounds.

Chapple Moran, the bantam pugilist, who was recently defeated in New York city by Tom Kelly, the Harlem Spider, is going to England.

Frank P. Slavin's subscription in England has reached £450. At Dublin, recently, Slavin made quite a sensation and met with a regular Irish welcome.

Lem McGregor, better known in prize ring circles as the St. Joe Kid, is now living in Chicago, Ill. He weighs 180 pounds, and is ready to meet any of the third-rate heavy-weights.

Johnny Reagan boxed with Jimmy Ryan, the well-known middle-weight, at the Quaker City Athletic Club, Philadelphia, on Feb. 17. It was Ryan's benefit and the show was a big success.

The prize fight between Ted Fritchard and Alf Mitchell for £200 and the middle-weight championship of England, was declared off on Feb. 3 owing to Fritchard being attacked with the grip.

Jack Fallon will be tendered a benefit at the Palace Rink, Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 4. Peter Jackson, Billy Myer and Jack Ashton have volunteered to box for the String Boy of Brooklyn.

Charley Cheese and Tom Liddiard fought near London, Eng., on Feb. 3, according to London prize ring rules, for a purse. Thirteen rounds were fought, when Cheese succeeded in winding his opponent, who gave up the battle.

Joe McCulliffe visited the headquarters of the California Athletic Club, recently to ascertain if the Directors had made arrangements for him to meet Peter Jackson. He was greatly disappointed when L. R. Fuda informed him that Peter Jackson proposed to meet Frank P. Slavin first.

Pugilism is becoming a regular institution in New Orleans, and the Young Men's Gymnasium and the Southern Athletic Club intend to bring off several important contests for big purses. President Warmley, of the Southern Athletic Club, is a wide-awake business man and very popular, while the other officers of the club are up to the times and believe in legitimate sport.

Prof. Mike Donovan, the boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club, who was compelled to go to Purvis, Miss., for the part he acted in the Sullivan and Kilrain fight, has returned to New York and resumed his duties at the New York Athletic Club. Donovan called at this office on Feb. 18, and declared, through this paper, to thank David S. Hennessey, the Chief of Police of New Orleans; Captain Bart Galvin, Messrs. Renaud, Hamilton, President Warmley and others for courtesies extended him in New Orleans, also to Charley Rich of Richmond, Miss.

Frank McHugh, the champion bantam pugilist of the West, has again returned to New York and his many admirers are eager for him to meet George Dixon, the colored feather-weight of Boston. McHugh called at this office and stated that he would meet Dixon with skin gloves for \$1,000 a side and a purse of \$1,000, and will be ready to fight six weeks after the articles are signed. Jack Banitt said that he would deposit \$500 to cover Dixon's forfeit money at any place in this city which would suit the Bostonian's friends, and he is ready to put up the full amount of the stake at any time agreeable to Dixon's backers. John L. Sullivan is interested in McHugh to such an extent that he will bet \$1,500 that he will whip Dixon. McHugh is willing to fight anywhere but in Boston, and he prefers Pennsylvania.

The following special was received at this office: BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Feb. 17, 1890.

Jennings, the well-known sporting man of this place, offers to match Alf Walker, the heavy-weight colored pugilist, better known as "Big Six," against any colored pugilist in the world to box 10 rounds according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$1,000 and gate money. Walker stands 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 230 pounds. He possesses great strength. Recently, at Schillenger's Brewery, for a wager of \$1,000, he carried a live mule weighing 1,200 pounds 40 yards. He lifts a barrel of whiskey and puts it on a five-foot stanchion with ease. He has figured in 27 glove fights, and his last victory was the defeat of Mervine Thompson, the Cleveland Thunderbolt, whom he knocked out in two rounds. "Big Six" will fight Peter Jackson, Godfrey, or any colored pugilist, and sporting men here who witnessed him defeat Nance, "the Colored Samson" of the South; Good, Sampson, Fred Shorter and Mervine Thompson, will back him heavily, if Godfrey or Jackson will arrange a match with him.

JACK DEMPSEY'S LIFE, Champion Middle-weight of the World, published in book form, containing all his battles, with illustrations and portraits, sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.





MRS. MURRAY'S CLIMB.

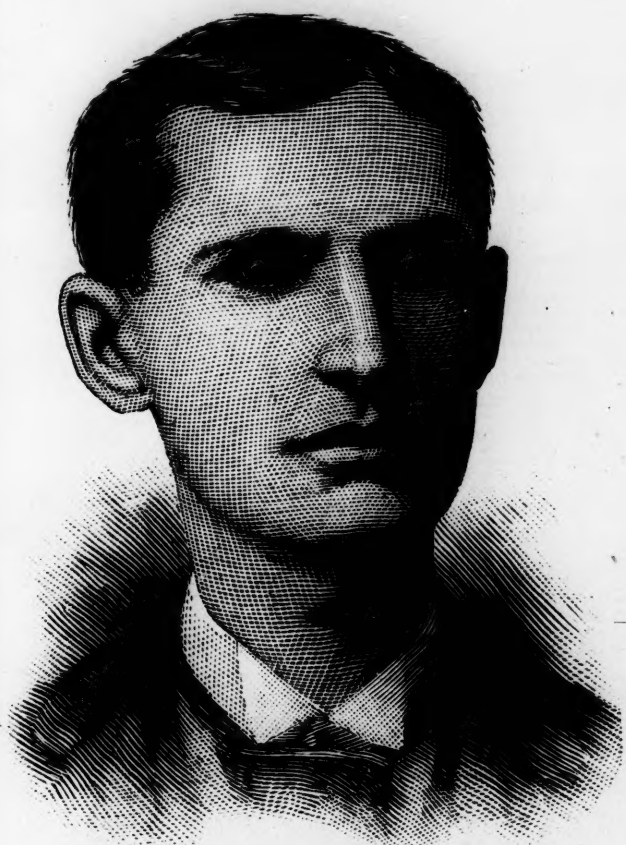
A PRETTY SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., LADY HAS A TIFF WITH HER HUSBAND AND BREAKS INTO HER OWN HOME.



NAPOLEON LEVELLE'S CRIME.

A CHARLESTON, S. C., CITIZEN BECOMES EXASPERATED AND SHOOTS HIS PRETTY WIFE AND HER UNCLE.

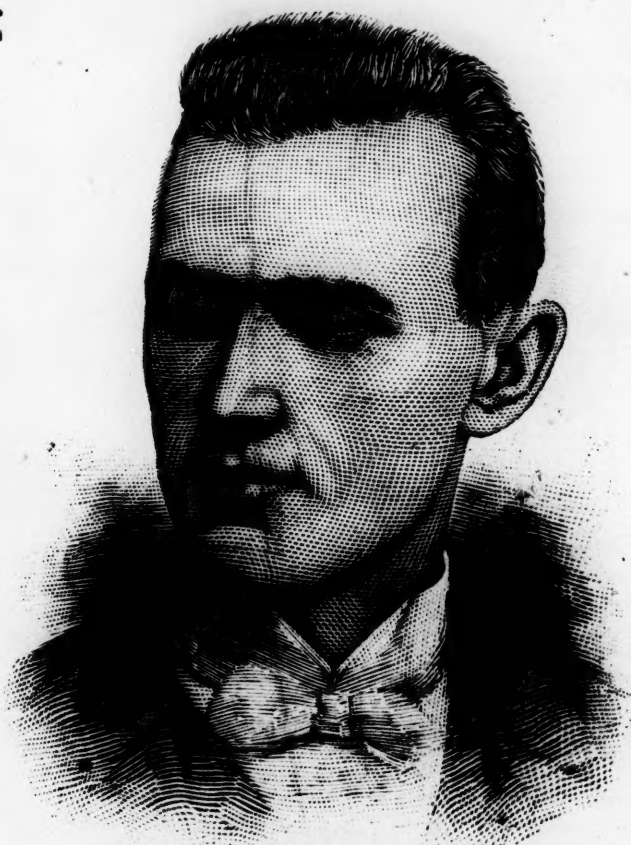




GAME COCKS HIS FORTE.  
E. H. GLEICHMAN, OF PADUCAH, KY., WHO IS KNOWN THROUGH-  
OUT THE STATE AS A BREEDER OF PLUCKY BIRDS.



ENGLAND'S FAMED PUGILIST.  
CHARLES, BETTER KNOWN AS "TOFF" WALL, THE STURDY  
CHAMPION MIDDLE-WEIGHT OF BRITAIN.



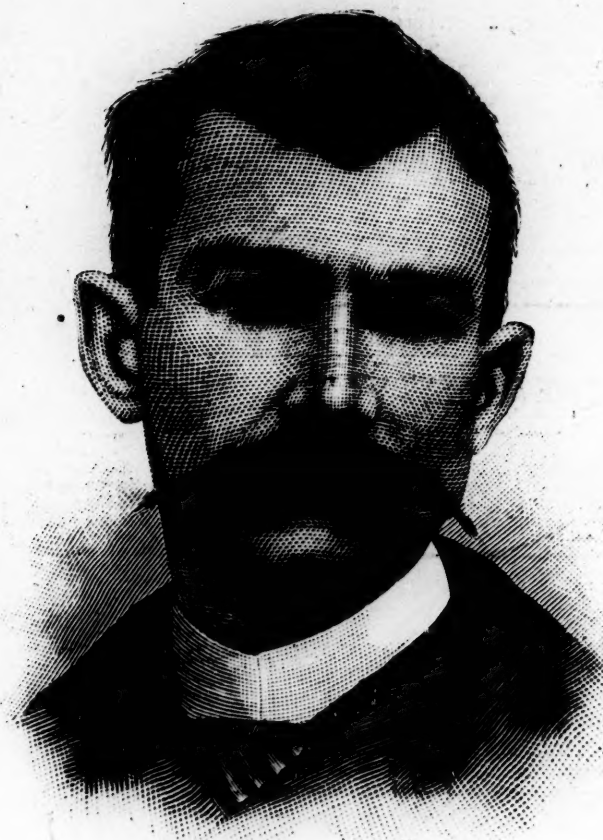
POOLSELLER AND BOOKMAKER.  
CLIN J. VAN SCOTER, OF FAIR GROVE, MICH., NOTED FOR FAIR  
DEALING IN ALL HONORABLE SPORTING EVENTS.



A "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION.  
"OUR JACK" MAULIFFE, THE INCOMPARABLE LIGHT-WEIGHT, WHO IS NOW IN SAN FRANCISCO, AND IS,  
WITH THE "POLICE GAZETTE" BELT, GREATLY ADMIRER.



WELL UP IN COCK FIGHTING.  
J. W. MOORE, THE WELL KNOWN SPORTING MAN AND GAME  
FOWL FANCIER OF HOT SPRINGS, ARK.



HE'S VERY POPULAR.  
JOHN J. LYNCH, A PROMINENT OARSMAN AND CAPTAIN OF  
THE RIVERSIDE BOAT CLUB, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

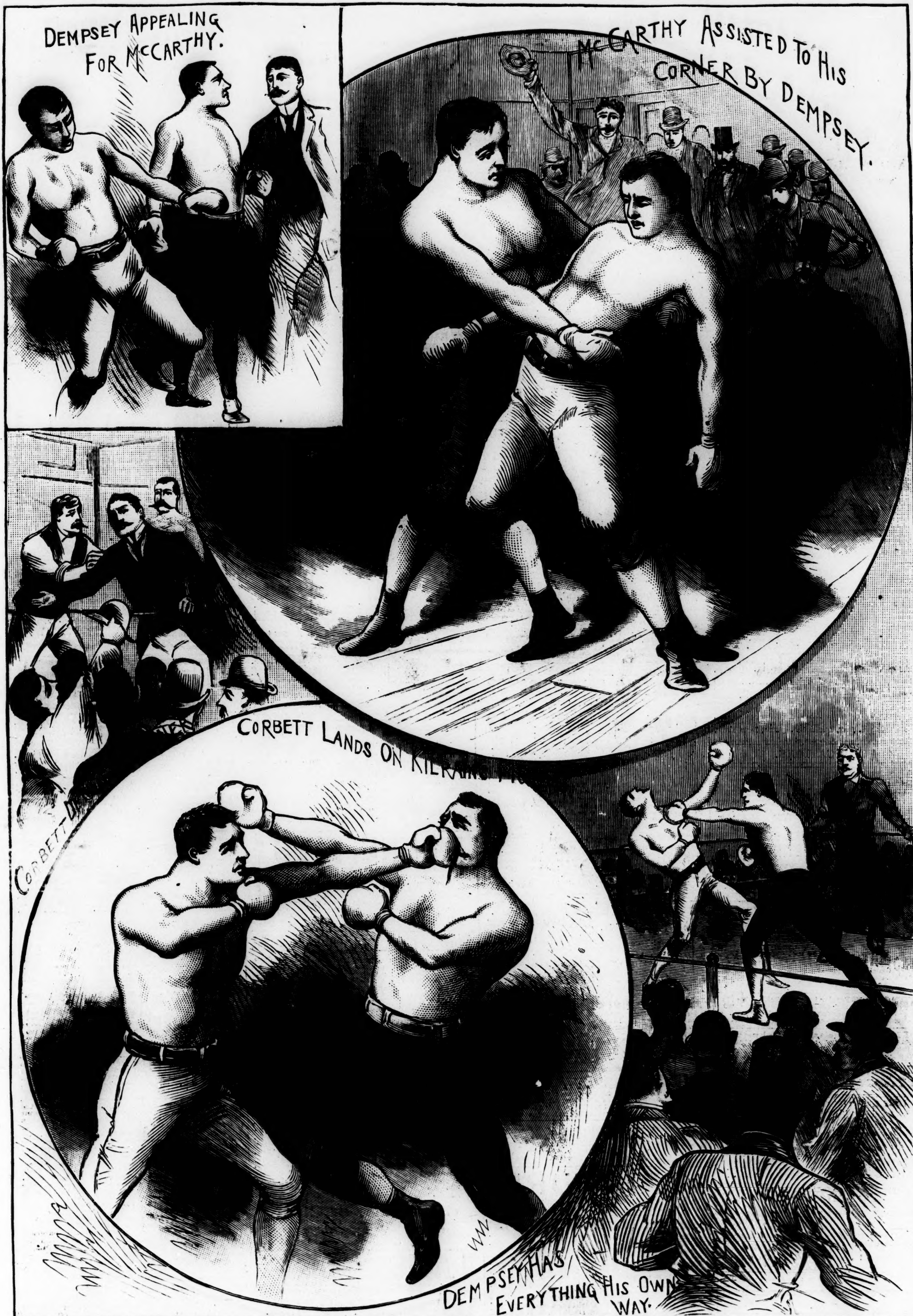












KILRAIN AND MCCARTHY DEFEATED.

J. J. CORBETT DOWNS JAKE, AND JACK DEMPSEY, THE NONPAREIL, HAS EVERYTHING HIS OWN WAY WITH THE AUSTRALIAN.